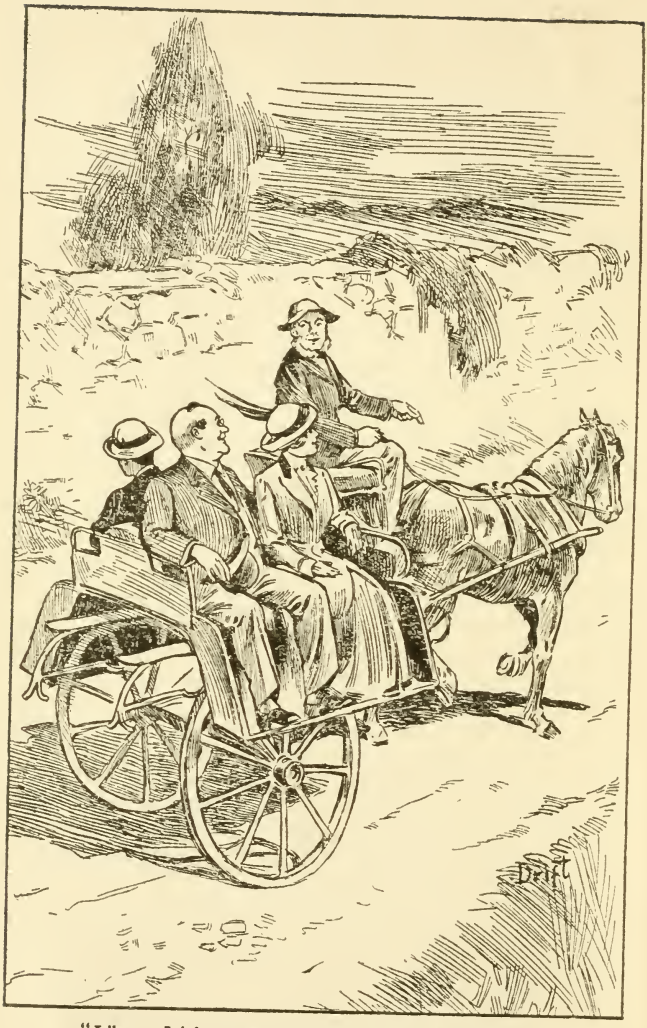

"Like an Irish game cock—he'd ruther die than run!"

See page 137.

Told ON THE Way

SNAPPY SHORT STORIES

HEARD ABOARD TRAINS STEAMBOATS AND IN HOTEL LOUNGES

BY

Pop Peregrinet proud

ON HIS FIRST EUROPEAN TRIP

SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS

Murphy, Richard J

DRIFT PUBLISHING COMPANY
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CHICAGO, U. S. A.

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ILLUSTRATIONS

"Like an Irish game cock—he'd ruther die than run." Frontispiece—See page 137

"Eh! Supaab! Magnifique! By gar, she comes down first rate!" See page 23

When the door opened, a spinal chill was felt by those hugging the fire. See page 83

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By RICHARD J. MURPHY
Chicago, U. S. A.

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Dedicated To

Those Ruthless, Inspiring Critics

MY WIFE AND SON

Whose Genial Companionship Gave
Zest and Interest to the Trip.

FOREWORD.

Maybe it's strange; maybe it isn't; but the fact remains one good story begets another.

When a group of travelers pre-empt the smoking compartment of a sleeping car or steamboat, and the ascending clouds from fragrant Havanas stimulate the imagination, a symposium of reminiscence is sure to follow.

Sometimes the merest quip, uttered by one of the party, all strangers, will break the ice of formality and the session opens, with the trip's destination the only recognized signal for adjournment.

TOLD ON THE WAY will give wider scope to some of these delightful meetings at which I was present; the stories related—serious and comic—will be enjoyed through this medium by larger circles than those which indirectly prompted publication.

This breezy work is of interest to all contemplating a first trip abroad. Of course it is not designed as a guide, but is intended to convey necessary information in a pleasant way. Pertinent suggestions are made in an easy manner, not in the style of dry, tabulated guide books.

To those who for various reasons find it inexpedient to take a European trip, TOLD ON THE WAY will be a diverting and welcome substitute.

CHAPTER I

THE FAMILY DECIDES TO TRAVEL

An impulse, a quick decision, two trunks, three hand-bags packed, steamer rugs rolled up in a shawl strap and the entire family was ready to leave Chicago for a foreign shore.

It all came about at the breakfast table one summer morning. For many seasons the trio, Madam Peregrinet, the Junior and myself, had gone away for a change of air. In our travels we had covered pretty thoroughly the most attractive parts of the United States and Canada. Some years we had revisited places which held our fancy till, in truth, we longed for new scenes; scenes which aside from natural beauty possessed the additional charm of history and romance of which a foretaste had been given by the writers of the past.

To the male portion of the family in the matter of personal experience, Europe was a sealed book. Madam in her childhood, to be precise, half a score years, the same age to which the Junior had now attained, had accompanied her parents abroad. Despite her then tender years, she still retained quite a vivid impression of her visit to England and France.

She could recall her pleasant acquaintance

with the family of the late Felix Faure with whom she had visited for several weeks at their palatial home at La Harve. Mr. Faure, at that time was a factor in France for Madam's father. This, of course, was years before he became the distinguished president of the French Republic.

The fancy French doll, "Marie Antoinette," which Madam cherished, was a gift to her from this able statesman. The beautiful effigy in wax of the historic French woman, you may be sure, was frequently taken from its repository —an ancient cedar chest containing many family heirlooms—and exhibited before the delighted eyes of the Junior.

On such occasions the pleasant time Madam had enjoyed abroad when she was a little girl were recounted, until the boy's eyes fairly danced in his head. It was not marvelous, or unnatural, therefore, that the repetition of the story excited in the lad's mind a spirit of emulation.

So they both—Madam and the Junior—contracted the fever to cross the ocean. It was a bad case which required prompt and expensive treatment.

The main thing necessary for them in accomplishing the end in view was to get telepathic connection with my subjective mind and bring me into the proper hypnotic condition. The result was inevitable.

When placed under complete control, the question, "How shall we go?" was suggested.

I was unable to shake off the influence, and promptly became quite busy, with the one result that preparations for departure were soon under way.

It was discovered at the outset that desirable accommodations on ocean steamers were not easy to secure during the summer months. And here it may be well to mention to friends contemplating a trip abroad that it is advantageous to make arrangements at least three months ahead.

The late decision on the part of the family permitted little time for deliberation.

A mountain of maps, booklets and folders was scanned by me in search of desired information. In some cases the sailing dates of the ocean liners were found to be scheduled too early, others too late; but in all cases the best staterooms of steamers sailing from New York seemed to have been secured by knowing travelers who arranged their plans early in the preceding winter.

It was with a sensation of pleasure I learned that by sailing from Quebec, two days of the experimental trip would be spent on the picturesque St. Lawrence River and Gulf before plunging into the deep. To the uninitiated sailor this was a help, as he would be given time to acquire his sea legs and become thoroughly salted before facing the traditional terrors. Then too, for the novice, making his initial trip, what could be more inviting than the

prospect of spending four days on the ocean after leaving the Gulf of St. Lawrence.

But four thrilling days in which to encounter the isolated iceberg, the schools of porpoises; to study and admire the fascinating beauties of the rainbow, the dazzling grandeur of the setting sun as it is never witnessed on land; to view, with a sensation of the sublime, the boundless, turbulent expanse of water.

This, however, is anticipating. We have not as yet left Chicago; we have just arranged for a commodious state-room on the promenade deck of "The Empress of Ireland," which is to sail on a Thursday afternoon in August.

Having determined to take the shortest route to Europe, via Quebec, it was necessary to decide how to reach the quaint old Canadian citadel.

To go by way of Niagara Falls seemed to be the most attractive. The Junior had never seen this grand natural spectacle; for his benefit, the route chosen included the great cataract.

One bright Saturday afternoon found the family in a comfortable stateroom on a fast train rattling over the rails toward the great view, described by writers of many generations and to which full justice has yet to be done.

Leaving the family to primp up, I lurched towards the smoking compartment, swaying down the aisle with the motion of the train.

On reaching the opening of the smoking-

room, a glance revealed the place pretty well filled. Though one could hardly see so thick was the bluish smoke, I found a vacant space on one of the upholstered seats and made a dive for it.

Despite the roar and rattle of the speeding cars, I received the impression the occupants were holding a story telling session.

As my eyes became accustomed to the fog, and my ears to the noise of the train, I knew the little fat man away over in the corner, was coming to bat—it was his innings.

"Talking of hospitality!" he shouted.

Members of the group looked at each other to ascertain who had mentioned the word; then they concentrated their gaze once more on the plump speaker by way of encouragement.

"Well, speaking of hospitality," resumed the roly poly, "I've got the real dope on that subject. With my partner, I was traveling across country, away down in North Carolina, last year, and we lost our way on what appeared to be a deserted road. Night had come on and we entertained reasonable doubts about getting shelter. Suddenly we saw a light in the distance. Driving on we found the dim rays emanated from a dilapidated shack. We yelled; a man came out. We asked him for lodgings for the night.

"After surveying us pretty hard, he drawled, 'Well, I reckon if you can stand it, I kin.'

"The shanty had two uninviting rooms; we

had no alternative. The place literally swarmed with children.

"There were five of them, ranging from four to twelve years of age, with only one bed in sight. My partner, Jim, and I wondered what would become of us?

"After supper, the old lady put the two youngest to bed. When they were asleep she took them out, laid them on the floor in the corner, and put the next two to bed. She followed this system until all the children were slumbering peacefully.

"Then the old folks went to the other room, telling us we could retire when we saw fit.

"Being about all in from honest fatigue, we were soon deep in the mystery of dreamland.

"Well, gentlemen, what do you think? The next morning when Jim and I returned to consciousness, we found ourselves lying over in the corner on the floor with the children: the man and his wife had the bed."

The salesman's story evoked a hearty laugh, and I looked around to see if another yarn threatened.

The smooth, dignified professional-looking man sitting opposite to me, by a smile gave sign he was about to say something. From his sleek attire, easy manner and the excellent brand of his perfecto, I sized him up as a prosperous physician from Chicago.

"In the heart of the Garden City's great west

side," he said deliberately, "stands a church of ancient design. When it was erected before the war of the rebellion, it cast its shadow over a broad but sparsely settled stretch of prairie.

"With time the number of weddings and funeral rites performed within its walls have increased till in these days three funerals a day and as many nuptial services a week would be considered a small average.

"The obituary events at times crowd so fast on the pastor and his assistants, that peculiar complications occasionally arise, which create embarrassment, but present a humorous phase to grim death.

"Not long ago two funerals were booked for the same morning. A parishioner, a woman of unideal habits, had died.

"As there was nothing of especial edification in her wasted life to dwell upon, the pastor decided to merely read the burial service, omitting the usual brief eulogy.

"The other service involved the remains of a gentleman of prominence and high moral character; an exemplary citizen. The clergyman assigned to conduct the services over the man's remains prepared a neat address worthy of the dead man's career.

"The time for the two funerals was set; by a mistake, the hours became transposed. In the reversed order the cortege of the dead gentleman entered the edifice first.

"The clergyman who was to officiate at the

woman's funeral entered and in a perfunctory style read the office for the dead. When this was done he disappeared.

"The congregation was somewhat amazed at his coldness, as it was generally understood that a eulogy was to be pronounced.

"In the course of the morning the other funeral party with the unfortunate woman's remains entered.

"Another clergyman appeared. The formal rites were performed, and the clergyman ascended the pulpit.

"Drawing a spacious silk handkerchief from his pocket, he pressed it to his lips and proceeded with an eloquent panegeric.

"The exordium was general in character, and dwelt on life and its uncertainty; then came a reference to the model life of the deceased. It was not till the preacher reached the peroration that the pronoun "his" was used.

"It was fatal, but it came!

"When it was uttered, surprise was depicted on every face. One man, who up to this time had assumed a pious posture straightened. His motion did not go unnoticed by the speaker, for in the now erect widower, whose eyes flashed with surprise, if not anger, the preacher recognized the husband of the deceased woman, over whose remains there were to be no remarks.

"The mistake was then clear; with native

tact and mother-wit the clergyman hedged by again sailing off in bright generalities on life and good conduct, and skillfully drew his discourse to a close. Ever since this occurrence, obituary sermons, I am told, have been prohibited in that church."

By this time everyone was nudging forward eagerly, as if, like Hamlet's father, he could a tale unfold.

The dapper young fellow with the keen eye, and intelligence stamped all over his face could be picked out as a scribe anywhere. He did not require the proverbial note-book, pencil and star to proclaim his profession.

"An amusing incident occurred last summer when I was laid up for months with a broken fibula," said the traveling correspondent.

"A broken what?" demanded the salesman.

The physician made a lucid explanation of the part of the anatomy referred to, and the scribe resumed:

"A friend of mine, one Johnson, who is long on sympathy and short on Latin, made a porch call on me, when I was able to be out in front for an airing.

"After commiserating with me, Johnson remarked casually:

" 'Saw Davidson this morning; he's looking well.'

" 'I haven't seen Davidson for several years,' I replied. 'I remember though when he first

came to town with his young wife and daughter, Lucy; about World's Fair time, I think.'

" 'Sure, but that little Lucy is married now; Davidson is a grandpapa.'

" 'Boy or girl?'

" 'Fine strapping boy.'

" 'Tempus fugit!' I ejaculated.

" 'I don't know,' returned Johnson, musingly, 'that may be the kid's name, but really, I never heard it.' "

As the merriment subsided, I withdrew.

On my way back to our stateroom I paused in the middle of the car to steady myself. To my right a young man, who was just arising from his seat, next to a radiant young lady, attracted my attention. They're evidently bride and groom, thought I. That didn't interest me particularly, but what Benedict said did:

"Do you care," asked the bridegroom in his most tender tone, "if I go into the smoking compartment, dear?"

"Oh, sweetheart, do you want to smoke?" queried the bride.

"My dear, no," answered the newly wed; "I just want to experience the anguish of being away from you, so that the joy of my return will be all the more intensified."

Once more in the presence of my family, how could I help repeating what I had heard?

CHAPTER II

NIAGARA FALLS—A GLIMPSE OF CANADA

It was a beautiful Sunday morning when we came in view of Niagara.

All that day was spent in the vicinity of the wonderful waterfall, and every form of entertainment at the Falls was patronized. We stood spellbound in the vast sheet of spray as we looked upon the rushing, rumbling, tumbling waters. The Junior could find expression only in the ejaculation "Oh!"

While thus wrapped in deep meditation and contemplation our party became conscious of the presence of two Canadian Frenchmen standing within hearing distance. It was to them that the family group was indebted for a most expressive, laconic description of the great sight.

Oblivious of the proximity of anyone, the two men chatted on, their swift gestures indicating that they were well pleased with Dame Nature in giving such a fine display on a day ideal beyond compare.

Turning to his companion, one exclaimed: "Great! Is it not, Gaston?"

"Eh!" exclaimed the other rapturously, "Dis is ze grand spectakle! Supaab! Magnifique! By gar she is come down first rate!"

The great charm of the wild scenery forming the environment of the Falls could not be taken in from one spot.

It was found advisable to take a more extended view close up. This meant a ride on the Great Gorge route.

For our little party, Lewiston was the point of destination, where we were to embark on a steamer to cross Lake Ontario to the first foreign city of this outing—Toronto. Boats plying between Lewiston and the Canadian side are crowded in summer and the one selected by us was no exception. It was scheduled for an early start next day.

While we were disposing of a hurried breakfast, the scurrying crowd which had arrived in town from every direction that morning and were making for the dock, proved an incentive to haste. The excursionists continued to stream down the steep embankment to the boat landing, seemingly for hours, till the starting bell rang.

The late comers discovered there was not a seat to be had anywhere on board; indeed, standing room, or space in the life boats, was at a premium.

Toronto is the modern city of the Dominion of Canada; but its railway terminal is inadequate.

A civic holiday in Canada puts a quietus on all business. It was on such a day we landed. The machinery of the custom-house grinds

"Eh! Supaab! Magnifique! By gar, she comes down first rate!"

slower on a civic holiday than on any other; at the best 'tis never swift. When the government officials were satisfied that there was nothing contraband in the family baggage and had chalked the various pieces to indicate their satisfaction, attention turned to our sail on the St. Lawrence.

For months the family had discussed the picturesque stream and had anticipated with keen interest a trip down its course.

Disappointment confronted us. We were to learn thus early in our experience that it was not ordained for plans to be carried out as they are designed at long range.

In this case it was discovered that all boats sailing the St. Lawrence in the direction of Quebec were booked to their full capacity, even to the danger line.

Chagrined at having to change route, it was decided to go on to Montreal by train, breaking the long journey to Quebec almost in the middle.

As all were eager to get the refreshing breezes of the sea, merely a day was spent in Montreal, which was scarcely time enough for a superficial view of its quaint attractions.

A day-light ride over the Canadian Pacific Railroad terminated at the historic and typical French city—Quebec. Among the cities of North America, this one stands unique.

It is well termed the Old Capital of New

France. Every foot of its space teems with history.

Jacques Cartier, who discovered Canada, landed there in 1534; Samuel de Champlain, the real founder of Quebec, representing a commercial company of French noblemen, opened up trade with the Indians in 1608.

Since then, Quebec has been the scene of many bloody conflicts.

Though nominally under English control, French laws and customs prevail.

In the Quebec depot there was a babel of native voices, but what was it all about?

The tongue of the cabbies was unfamiliar. It wasn't English—could it be French? If the latter, it was not the kind to be acquired from books, nor in schools where teaching of the polite language is attempted. The grinning cabmen and caleche drivers jabbered away, but their gestures spoke louder than words.

By the aid of the deaf and dumb code and an occasional reference to Chateau Frontenac, without recourse to "parley vous," the fat jehu soon had his 'bus full, and was off with a vociferous shout to his horses. The big, specially shod, animals were soon scaling the steep stone-paved hill to the fortified tableland, from which eminence the Chateau Frontenac overlooks the river and surrounding country for miles and miles.

As the vehicle was driven into the courtyard,

the ladies who had not breathed during the ascent, uttered one pious sigh, in unison.

The first thought after the family was comfortably settled was of the ocean steamer, which was to bear us over the tide, and which we were eager to see.

The lateness of the hour, prevented a visit to the wharf that night. When I, the head of the house, so-called by courtesy, awoke, shortly after daybreak the next morning, I did not deem it wise to arouse the other members who, exhausted from rapid traveling, were even now speeding along faster than ever through the greater and easier spaces of dreamland.

Stealthily descending to the rotunda of the hotel, where, fortified by a roll and cafe-au-lait —a special privilege accorded by the night clerk, as the time was long before the breakfast hour, I inquired my way to the Canadian Pacific dock.

From the hotel veranda the two funnels of the steamer were visible, but they were a great distance off. A street car was available for about half the way.

Aboard the public conveyance, the one other passenger was obviously a French Canadian, in the garb of a laborer. At the end of the route in alighting, I asked my fellow passenger, who was starting to walk in the direction of the river, how far it was to the steamship landing.

"About a mile," was the response.

"Thank you," said I cordially.

"I'll show you to her, I'm going there," said the native in peculiar English.

To this polite proposition from the friendly foreigner, I readily assented with implicit confidence, not begotten of metropolitan life in the United States.

He gave many evidences of his appreciation of the greatness of Uncle Sam's domain, which to him seemed so near and yet so far.

The streets in the early morning appeared deserted; a priest suddenly turning a corner was quite conspicuous as he approached with hampered strides. The clergyman wore a cumbersome faded black cassock, a heavy overcoat, and a wide-brimmed, low-crowned shovel hat.

Courteous and customary salutations were exchanged as the pedestrians passed; but I was constrained to remark that not in Chicago, nor elsewhere in the United States did the clergymen of the Catholic church assume so heavy and elaborate an outdoor costume.

"No," said my companion, "I'm told not; but remember, the priests here have adopted the dress of the clergymen of France. You may rely on it, if England in subjugating the French in Canada had not agreed to leave them their old laws and customs, this country would have been annexed to the United States long ago."

By this time the dock was reached and the yellow and black stacks of the "Empress of

Ireland" loomed up defiantly just a short distance ahead. With a hearty "bon jour" and "au revoir," we parted, probably forever.

At the steamer's gangway a film of smoke curled gracefully towards the sky.

As I approached, the atmosphere gradually cleared, revealing a solitary steward, clad in a white canvas Eton jacket and blue trousers, puffing away at a rapidly vanishing cigarette. Though I had never met the captain of the great, big boat, nor its affable purser, their names were nevertheless quite familiar to me. Had I not that morning selected two letters of introduction to these officials from a bulky stack of similar communications which I had in my grip, with the intention of presenting them forthwith?

In a strong cockney accent the steward, or s-chew-ard, as he announced himself assured me that the two officers I was seeking were asleep and would not appear to the public eye for several hours to come.

Soliloquizing that the adage about the early bird getting all he was looking for, occasionally had its exceptions, I, disappointed, but not baffled, deftly pressed a shining coin on the expectant steward's palm. I intimated I would like to see the rooms reserved for us on the promenade deck; the man in white and blue became as one electrified. With an agile sprint he mounted the runway, with me following a close second.

At the top we paused a little winded, but in fair condition. The communicative steward imparted a great deal of information: "The Empresses," he said, were built in Glasgow; that they were constructed on similar lines. Eight laps of the upper promenade deck, it was vouchsafed, constituted a mile; the lower promenade deck extending to the stern of the boat, comprised a circuit about one-sixth of a mile.

But time was flying; the officers were still in bed; it behooved me to find my way back to the hotel lest the family might arise and seek me as one lost in a strange land.

At breakfast I recounted my experiences of the morning to the circle, and evoked an expostulation from the Junior because he had not been permitted to be up and out with me.

As a compromise for peace, it was decided that all join in a caleche ride and drive down to the wharf for a formal and final inspection of the steamer before sailing.

For a caleche ride one ought to go to Quebec. It is part of the life. You know a caleche is a two-wheeled vehicle designed after the pattern of the Japanese jinriksha; the chief difference lies in the motive power.

The springs of the caleche are adjusted with a view to greater jauntiness than that of the Irish jaunting car, and, indeed, the sensation of the motion, when timidity is eliminated, is very pleasant and exhilarating.

In front of the Chateau Frontenac scores of these buoyant rigs are always to be seen.

The drivers are generally of French extraction. The visitor patronizing them soon knows "Adelard Gazne," "Alfred Boutet," "Francois Arteau," all safe, every one of them; the only drawback is their English which is accompanied with an accent peculiar to the locality.

Coming out of the hotel and looking over the array of cabmen soliciting business, I heard a voice at my elbow:

"Caleche, sir?" the owner of the voice was saying.

"All points of interest, sir."

With this the driver handed out a card on which was inscribed: "Pat Grenan, Caleche Driver."

"Do you speak United States?" I asked, fearing the bearer of this suspicious cognomen might not, in exhibiting the attractions of the city, be able to talk anything but the patois of the Province.

"Sure," replied the driver.

"Aren't you a French Canadian?"

"I'm a Canadian all right, but my father was a Frenchman from the County Limerick."

"Strange, isn't it, he settled in a place like this where French is so generally spoken? Why didn't he stop off at New York, or go on to good old Chicago with the others who arrived with him?"

"Oh, indeed, sir, all I've got against my father's memory, may he rest in peace; and maybe I shouldn't say it, is that he didn't go to Chicago when he landed forty years ago. If he had, sure, wouldn't I now be ex-alderman and a millionaire?"

"You are a boy with great ideas, Pat; bring on your caleche."

In an instant the two-wheeler was on the spot.

With a little preliminary skirmishing Madam was assisted to the high seat, the others following with acrobatic ease. In a flash Pat was off for his morning tour about town.

Several hours were devoted to sightseeing. I had primed myself with the lore of Quebec, and imparted to this witty, loquacious guide quite as much information about Wolfe and Montcalm and their exploits, as we passed the monuments of these two distinguished generals, as Pat could tell me about the new Court House and local politics.

In the way of a thoroughfare Sous-le-Cap, a narrow stone-paved lane leading to the lower quarter of the city was a quaint and startling revelation.

Poverty stricken mothers inspired their ragged children to follow the passing conveyance to beg coppers. The scenes here depicted were pitiable in the extreme, and could not fail to call forth all the small coin in the pockets of the most callous worldling.

The real and imaginary terrors of the sea now confronted us. I assumed a bold front, Madam exhibited the confidence imparted by a previous trip, while the Junior, God bless him, manifested the unshaken faith of childhood, seeing nothing in the prospective voyage but pleasure and knowledge unrestricted.

On the deck, officers of the boat, in full uniform, spick and span, were in evidence everywhere. Some gave a cordial reception to passengers going aboard, others directed the important work of taking on the cargo and baggage. Deck hands, inspired by the bos'n's whistle, renewed their efforts and lost no time. Great steam derricks worked with mechanical precision carrying with each swing a large collection of trunks and boxes from the dock to the main hatchway.

The hour for departure was drawing near. Madam had gone on board with the Junior to see if any mail had arrived from friends at home.

Steamer letters and telegrams constitute the best tonic in the world for the uncertain traveler about to acquire his first experience.

Many messages for the trio, and not a few bon voyage packages, calculated to add pleasure throughout the excursion, were found.

One notable envelope, superscribed in the fine clear chirography of our family doctor, the Dean of his profession in Chicago, contained a letter expressive of good wishes and a beauti-

ful benediction "to you three," which because of its heartiness was greatly appreciated. The envelope also gave forth a formula for mal de mer, a reminder of an oversight, as we had secured nothing of the kind before leaving Chicago.

How to get the prescription filled? Would it be necessary to go back to the heart of Quebec? Would there be time before the steamer sailed? The only information elicited from officers on deck was that the steamer would sail on schedule.

The thought of going to sea without a remedy for the threatened malady, of course, could not be entertained. A chance must be taken. Aroused to action, a carriage was called; the man on the box was orderd to take me to the best apothecary's in the city. Time was precious, only three-quarters of an hour at the most before the boat was to start.

The driver impressed with this, drove furiously over the bridge towards the main street. Along the highways the horses' speed suggested no doubt a drive for life or death; after a dash of a mile and a half the carriage scraped the curb in front of a chemist's shop which seemed to lack evidences of prosperity, so characteristic of the neat attractive drug stores of the United States. Dingy and dirty was the interior; a condition of general disorder prevailed.

The proprietor, a tall, attenuated old man,

with bushy hair, clad in a dark suit, exhibiting symptoms of wear, took the prescription from my hand, and, stooping over, scanned it carefully through his heavy, thick glasses.

The writing was exceptionally legible for a prescription; five minutes elapsed before the chemist raised his head to say that he could not furnish two of the ingredients from his stock and would have to send out for them. It might be possible, he said, to fill and deliver the prescription at the boat on time; but, of course, he could not guarantee to do so.

If the customer wanted to take the risk, he would have to surrender a five-dollar bill in advance, to cover the cost of the medicine. If the delivery was made at the boat, all right; if not, it would be paid for anyhow.

The crafty drugman was evidently making a virtue of necessity.

"Never mind," I thought, "we'll have to try the faith cure if we have need of a remedy; back I go."

I arrived at the landing not any too soon. Friends of the passengers were leaving the ship, having taken a lingering farewell of their loved ones, and preparations for closing the gangway were being made. As the carriage dashed up to the boat, I was still holding the unfilled prescription in my hand.

Junior laughingly called attention to the fact, as we both ran on board. Others standing about seemed to sense the situation; the broad smile was almost a titter.

CHAPTER III

ALL ABOARD!—TALK ON MAL DE MER

Why expatiate on the beauties of the St. Lawrence river and its picturesque banks which were to remain in view as long as the sun held up, and all of the next day?

As the passengers hugged the railing in contemplation of the beautiful panorama, they were startled about twilight by a bugle call to dinner, uttered by a dapper little fellow dressed in becoming regalia.

During the first meal everybody declared the service was equal to that of the best hotels in metropolitan centers.

"Dickinson," the table steward who had been assigned to the trio, waited on all with the greatest precision and strove to please.

"Maw-ster" Junior seemed to call forth his solicitude, and, to favor the boy, he asked to be permitted to duplicate every course.

Acting on previous instructions, the Junior promptly declined.

He had been told not to gorge, lest trouble should overtake him; that life on shipboard had its peculiarities; but after all, it was much like life everywhere else. The regulation of diet and the avoidance of indulgence were,

without question, the best preventives of seasickness.

"If you must be sick at sea," I proclaimed, addressing the boy in private before dinner, "do not weakly succumb to the malady—fight manfully against it. Keep on deck as much as possible, well wrapped up; by this course the attack, if you have one, will be mitigated.

"Many cases of sickness on shipboard originate in indigestion. The sea stimulates the appetite and tempts to over-eating; over-feeding and lack of exercise cause dyspepsia and headache, and predispose little boys—and big folks as well—to the dreaded sickness.

"Remember anything tending to keep the digestive organs in good condition will be useful in averting mal de mer."

"An ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure," suggested Madam, resorting to that trite aphorism to further impress the youngster.

"Ah, caution's the thing," said I, bringing my index finger down on the mahogany with a gentle thud.

"Do not put too much trust in any of the so-called remedies. Some of these, eminent physicians assure me, may alleviate the trouble a little on a short voyage; but no remedy, except that of becoming accustomed to the motion of the boat, can cure seasickness on an ocean voyage. In my opinion the only thing for the unfortunate sufferer is to brace up, keep in the

open air and live plainly. It is asserted by experienced travelers," I concluded impressively, "that very rarely mal de mer lasts more than a day, or two, in cases where moderation in eating and drinking is observed—besides it's not a fatal sickness."

With coaching like this it is no wonder the boy sagaciously declined Dickinson's kind offer of second helps.

At the tables passengers consulted their "saloon lists" to ascertain who's who? Lords and Ladies of England, titled people from Canada, and men high in the British army and navy were present in numbers. In the absence of any distinguishing marks, however, one could not pick them out from all the other ladies and gentlemen there, without an introduction, or by reference to the list, in which the "Hon. Sir" and the "K. C. M. G." bespangled the pages.

After the first meal the cabin passengers abandoned reserve for the remainder of the journey; for the time at least they had become as one family.

Dinner finished, a promenade on deck was in order; then the women and some of the men repaired to the music room for social intercourse, which was pleasantly promoted by the talented purser, who could play the piano, sing a song and tell a proper story himself, and possessed the rare gift of inspiring others to the

point of emulation. During the evening cafe noir and light refreshments were served.

If a man disappeared, it was fair to presume that he had gone to join some unattached, bachelor friend in the smoking room, over a brandy and soda; or to witness a quiet little game of cards in which, perhaps, an acquaintance was a participant.

Following the example set by others, I joined the stag assemblage, leaving the Madam and our boy in full enjoyment of the entertainment.

The men's lounge was attractive and equipped luxuriously. Small tables, surrounded with stationary, leather-upholstered, swivel chairs, all within easy reach of electric buttons, suggested real rest and comfort for weary mankind.

The place was pretty well filled. I took a vacant seat at a table around which was a jovial party, some members of which I had talked to without formal introduction, on deck earlier in the day. All were smoking and some were sipping the popular beverage.

Not to be odd, I took from my pocket a cigar I had picked from one of the gift boxes which I found awaiting me in the state-room before sailing, and told the ever-attentive lounge steward to serve the little party with a round of the favorite drink, the glasses on the table seeming to lack color. It appeared we were

all one from the start—the lines of formality had melted.

The architect was saying: "The mistake of most people going to Europe is in not taking up a systematic course of study for at least a year before starting. How can a traveler otherwise appreciate the beauties of the ruined abbeys, or the stately buildings which he ought to see intelligently? If there is one thing above another he should study before venturing abroad, it is architecture. For an educated American to have no knowledge at all of the subject would deprive him of a species of sharpened culture which is not dreamy or vague, but is as scientific and harmonious as the laws of music."

"Many people contemplating a trip, I'm sure, prepare themselves as you suggest," remarked one of the party, incidentally giving the erudite architect a chance to moisten his lips and relight his cigar.

"Some do, it is true; but be assured, they constitute a very small percentage," promptly resumed the man of compass and square.

"The majority seem to want to go just haphazard, so when they return they can tell their friends they have been over; that's all. This is the class of American travelers in Europe who, on their return, consider it common to give their friends the benefit of experiences abroad. They seem to intimate that everybody who is anybody must have been across at some

time or other, and forget the millions who have not satisfied a life-long ambition to travel."

The young fellow opposite me, who I learned had been in the cattle business in Australia for five years past, and was on his way home to visit his folks in England, evidently not interested in the trend of the conversation, broke in with the statement he had heard a funny little story on shipboard, when crossing the Pacific ocean.

"The steward himself told me that the incident had happened on the previous trip," said the cattleman.

"A passenger at table ordered soup to start with. When the soup was served, he looked at the waiter and said:

" 'I can't eat this soup.'

" 'Well, try some other kind,' replied the waiter, removing the dish. He then brought another specimen.

" 'Neither can I eat this soup,' said the passenger more emphatically.

" 'Try another,' said the waiter, growing a bit irritated, but he brought the third plate of soup.

" 'I simply can't eat this soup,' once more said the passenger, in a low, emphatic tone.

" 'Really, sir, this is unusual,' interjected the head steward, whose attention had been called to the situation.

" 'May I ask why you can't be satisfied with any of our soups?'

" 'Because,' replied the passenger quietly, looking the head steward squarely in the eye, 'I have no spoon.' "

Now that the conversation had drifted from art and architecture, everybody considered himself at liberty to come in on a fair footing.

The Philadelphia school principal who was crossing to relax from an arduous year's work, took courage:

"The air in the school room," he said, "was sultry; the subject before the class was George Washington. The pupils were doing the best they knew how.

" 'You think George Washington was the first man; why?' asked the teacher.

" 'Because he was the first in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen,' piped a pupil.

"The smart boy raised his hand.

" 'Well, Jimmy, who do you think was the first man?' asked the preceptress.

" 'Don't know his name,' replied Jimmy, 'but I know George Washington was not the first man, because the book says he married a widow; so, you see, there must have been another man ahead of him.' "

"Not bad," shouted the broker, with a gleam in his optics. "Did you hear about Smith?"

"What Smith?" some one inquired.

"Oh, one of the many."

"Well, what's the story?" chimed in everybody.

"Oh, Smith went home late one evening, prepared with a good defense; but his wife was cross.

"She immediately began, wife-like, to tell him in firm tones in what low esteem she held him and his conduct. Patiently, he endured it, and after reading his paper in silence, went to bed.

"Wifey was still talking.

"When he was almost asleep, he could hear her continue to scold unmercifully.

"He dropped into slumber, finally, only to awake after a couple of hours, to hear her remark:

" 'I hope all women don't have to put up with such behavior as this.'

" 'Lizzie,' yawned Smith, 'are you talking again, or yet?' "

They were coming swift by this time and the school principal remarked:

"Bernard was a garrulous boy in school. He was punished by his teacher without apparent effect. At last, in desperation I decided to report the case to the boy's father.

"In the communication it was stated that Bernard talked a great deal in class.

"By return mail came my report on which was written in red ink by pater familias, this comment: 'Oh, but you ought to hear his mother.' "

CHAPTER IV

THRILLING STORY OF THE BANSHEE

"What's that?" exclaimed a member of the party. Just then we heard a flutter; a sea gull flapped its wings against the glazed porthole over our heads, uttering a peculiar noise as it passed.

"How weird," remarked the attorney. "It would almost make one's flesh creep, the same effect, I suppose one would get from a fairy story, or, I imagine, from a tale of the banshee."

"Talking of banshees," said the doctor, who was returning to Ireland after many years' absence, "did you ever hear a good banshee story? One that would make your hair stand on end? Of course you know what a banshee is?"

"No; what is it, doctor?" said one of the interested listeners.

"Oh, the banshee," he replied, "is an immortal, immaterial being, attached, time out of mind, to various respectable families in Ireland and always appears to announce by cries and lamentations, the death of any member of that family to which she belongs. She comes in the night, a short time previous to the death of the fated one and takes her stand outside the

house. Sometimes she appears as a beautiful young damsel; but her general appearance is in the likeness of a very old woman, of small stature and decrepit form, clad in a winding sheet, or grave clothes.

"When the death of the person whom she mourns is imminent, she is particularly agitated. Some believe this strange being is inimical to the interests of the family which she haunts. This opinion is rejected by most people, who consider her a devoted friend, and that she was at some remote period a member of the family, and once exisited on earth in life and loveliness.

"I recall what I consider a good story in this line. As it is told, the scene is placed in Queen's County, Ireland. A farmer, whose name has been lost by the course of time, lived on an inherited estate there. Let's call him John. He was unmarried, his domestics being a servant boy and an old woman housekeeper, who had long been a follower and dependent of the family. The farmer was born and educated a Christian. On arriving at manhood, however, he seemed to lean towards atheism.

"While of a retiring disposition, he was not unpopular with his neighbors.

"By nature he was hostile to superstition and always jeered at the fairy tales of his old housekeeper.

"Being a sport and a good shot, he spent much time at home furbishing his firearms,

while he listened to the blood curdling stories of old Nora, in which her memory abounded.

"At the time of this event the farmer was about fifty years old; his housekeeper had become decrepit with age.

"Very early one November morning, about the year 1816, it is said, this farmer arose, and on coming out of his bedroom was surprised to find old Nora in the kitchen, sitting near the fire, smoking a pipe in a meditative mood.

" 'Arrah, Nora,' said he, 'what brings you out of your bed so early?'

" 'Och musha, I dunna,' replied the old woman; 'I was so uneasy all night that I could not sleep a wink, and I got up to smoke, thinkin' that it might drive away the weight that's on my heart.'

" 'And what ails you, Nora?'

" 'Nothing, the Lord be praised! I am not sick, but my heart is sore.'

" 'Maybe you were dreaming,' said the man in a bantering tone, and suspecting, from the old woman's grave manner, that she was laboring under some mental delusion.

" 'Dreaming!' re-echoed Nora, with a sneer; 'och, I wish to God I was only dreaming; but I am afraid it is worse than that, and that there is misfortune hanging over uz.'

" 'And what makes you think so, Nora?' asked he, with a half-suppressed smile.

"Nora aware of his well-known hostility to

superstition, remained silent, shaking her gray head prophetically.

" 'Why don't you answer me, Nora?' again asked the man.

" 'Och,' said Nora, 'I'm heart-broken to have it to tell you, and I know you will laugh at me; but, say what you will, there is something bad over uz, for the banshee was about the house all night, and she has me almost frightened out of my wits with her shouting and bawling.'

"The man was aware of the banshee's having been long supposed to haunt his family, but often scouted the superstition; yet, as it was some years since he had last heard of her visiting the place, he was not prepared for the freezing announcement of old Nora. He turned pale and trembled; on recovering himself, he said with a forced smile:

" 'And how do you know it was the banshee, Nora?'

" 'How do I know?' reiterated Nora, tauntingly. 'Didn't I see and hear her several times during the night, and didn't I hear the dead-coach rattling round the house and through the yard, every night at midnight this week back?'

"The man smiled faintly; he was frightened, yet was ashamed to appear so. He again said:

" 'And did you ever see the banshee before, Nora?'

" 'Yes,' replied Nora, 'often. Didn't I see her when your mother died? Didn't I see her when your brother was drowned? and sure,

there wasn't one of the family that went these sixty years that I did not both see and hear her.'

"'And where did you see her, and how did she look tonight?'

"'I saw her at the little window over my bed; a kind of reddish light shone round the house; I looked up and there I saw her old pale face and glassy eyes looking in, and she rocking herself to and fro, and clasping her little withered hands, and crying as if her heart would break.'

"'Well, Nora, it's all imagination; go get my breakfast; I want to go to town today and must be home early.'

"Nora trembled; she looked at him imploringly, and said:

"'For Heaven's sake, John, don't go today; stay till some other day, and God bless you; for if you go today I would give my oath there will something cross you that's bad.'

"'Nonsense, woman!' said he; 'make haste with the breakfast.'

"Nora with tears in her eyes set about getting breakfast, and, while so employed, John was preparing for his journey.

"Having completed his arrangements, he sat down to breakfast. As he arose to depart, Nora ran to him, crying loudly; she flung herself on her knees: 'John, John, be advised,' she cried. 'Don't go today; I know more of the world than you do, and I see plainly that if

you go, you will never again enter this door alive.'

"Ashamed to be influenced by the entreaties of the old woman, he pushed her away, and going out to the stable, mounted his horse and departed. She followed him with her eyes, and when she could no longer see him, she sat down at the fire and wept.

"It was a bitter cold day, and the farmer having finished his business, feeling chilly, went into a public-house to have a tumbler of punch, and feed his horse; there he met an old friend who would not part with him until he had another glass, as it was many years since they had met. One glass brought another; it was almost dusk when John thought of returning, and it would be dark before he could get home. His friend would not permit him to go, but called for more liquor, and night was far advanced before they parted.

"John had a good horse, and he dashed along at a rapid pace through the gloom; he had proceeded about five miles, when, at a very desolate spot, a gun-shot, fired from behind the bushes, put an end to his mortal existence.

"Two strange men, who had been at the same public-house drinking, observing he had money, conspired to rob and murder him.

"Poor Nora did not go to bed that night, but sat at the fire, every moment patiently expecting his return.

"In vain did she listen for the tramp of the horse's footsteps; no sound met her ear except

the sad wail of the wind, or the sullen roar of a little dark river, which wound its way through the lowlands.

"Tired with watching, she fell asleep, to dream appalling dreams.

"At length the morning came, and Nora looked out. Imagine her dismay when she found the horse standing at the door without his rider, the saddle all besmeared with blood. She raised the death-cry; the neighbors thronged round, and a party on horseback immediately set out to seek him. He was found stretched in the ditch, his head full of shot and slugs and his body in a pool of blood.

"The murdered man had given no heed to the banshee's warning."

At the conclusion there was a tense silence until the attorney arousing himself, suggested another round of stimulant to take the chill off, and there was not a dissenting voice; no one ventured another story—a frivolous one would have been out of place,—so deep was the awe inspired by the doctor's tale.

Throughout the trip the pleasant daily routine was practically unchanged; breakfast in the early morning; boullion or broth served to passengers on deck at about 10:30 o'clock by the deck stewards; luncheon in the middle of the day, tea and cake in the saloon in the afternoon, and dinner in the evening, for which everyone dressed.

Shuffle-board, an invigorating outdoor game

for the muscular passengers, afforded excitement and amusement, both for the players and the lookers-on.

Passengers whose callings on land were dignified, slackened their straight lacing to enter into the spirit of the sport with the abandon of school boys, shouting lustily at a good shot made by one of their own side.

The only Sunday on board dawned auspiciously. The blue sky never looked quite so deep and beautiful to the land-bred passengers; not a cloud threatened the blazing sun; passing ships miles away could be seen through the clear atmosphere without the aid of a glass, while the boat, now off the banks of Newfoundland, continued to record its regular eighteen knots an hour.

The glorious morning had brought everybody on deck. Those who hitherto had, on account of symptoms of seasickness, kept injudiciously close to their berths, were now for the first time in evidence.

While the passengers viewed the fascinating ocean, or leaned over the railing to watch a school of porpoises which had followed the ship all morning in pursuit of breakfast, there was noticed quite a change in the temperature; the mercury became unaccountably depressed.

CHAPTER V.

AN ICEBERG—LIVERPOOL

Pedestrians paused in their rounds to rub hands and stamp their feet; passengers at the railings gradually withdrew, shrugging their shoulders; some of the women shivered perceptibly.

The Captain descended from the pilot house to the promenade deck to ascertain the temperature of the water. All manifested great interest, but dared to ask no questions of the busy commanding officer. In shivering anticipation they patiently awaited results.

Many crowded close to the larboard side where the officers were evidently apprehensive of trouble; all wondered what it could be.

While the Captain was engrossed with his work, a large floating object, which in no way resembled a ship, was noticed on the horizon. The tall bulky mass, shimmering in the sunlight, seemed in size more like a modern skyscraper.

"An iceberg!" shouted a passenger.

"It's what I've been expecting," said the ruler of the ship, evidently relieved that the worst was known.

By this time the slowly moving pile which had caused the mercury to drop was much

nearer the boat; it could be seen easily.

"Is it deep in the water?" some one asked.

The First Officer, who accompanied the Captain in his investigation, overhearing the remark, graciously volunteered the information that only about one-third of an iceberg was ever exposed to the sun; two-thirds at least, being always submerged, which greatly increased the danger.

As the boat came within closer range, the architect hastened inside to fetch his camera, while others followed his example. The great shining mass of ice now looking like a veritable crystal palace stood out grandly in the open view.

"What is the distance?" was asked.

"I should say about three miles; that's as close as we ought to get to it for the good of our continued terrestrial experience," responded the man in uniform. "From this time on we will increase the distance which separates us and should be out of sight of this menace of the sea within the hour."

By the time the proper focus was secured by the amateur photographers, the ice mountain had receded to such an extent that on the plate of the camera it appeared a mere speck. When printed, the picture presented a grand area of ocean waves, but the object of interest was nothing more than a very small blot. The photograph, intended for a unique souvenir, proved a dismal disappointment.

The Marconi operator announced on the following Tuesday evening, that he was in communication with Malinhead, the most northerly point of Ireland. This awakened interest. Preparation of "Radio" messages or "Marconigrams," as they were termed, was begun by passengers for transmission to awaiting friends in various parts of Europe.

To many who had never investigated this modern miracle, the intricate mechanism of the Marconi system in the little box-like house on the aft deck was, indeed, a marvellous revelation. In charge of the complicated instruments was a young man scarcely out of his teens, who was thoroughly versed in every detail of the machinery.

With the advent of Wednesday all on board were in a high state of expectancy. It was given out by the officials in the morning that in all probability Liverpool would be reached on the morrow. In the same connection it was announced in accordance with the old established custom, a concert for the benefit of sailors' widows and orphans would be given that evening in the dining saloon. The one formal social event of the whole voyage could not, in good taste, be ignored.

A variety of talent was discovered among the passengers; pianists, singers, story-tellers and speechmakers were there in abundance.

The presiding genius and others delivered neat speeches, in well rounded sentences sug-

gestive of previous preparation, on behalf of the widows and orphans of brave sailors who had lost their lives at sea. When the hat was passed everybody was in a melting mood and no hand held back; the collection for the worthy cause proved ample.

Notwithstanding the pleasure of the delightful short voyage, when the passengers peeped out of their cabins early the next morning they were thrilled by the sight of land.

Malinhead and Moville had been passed in the night. As the sun rose it revealed the beautiful northeast coast of Ireland, off Donaghagee, close to the entrance of the Irish Sea.

The first on deck was the genial Bishop from Illinois, who was returning to the land of his birth after many years of voluntary exile.

As the sun arose it found a small party leaning against the railing, deep in a discussion of the affairs of the important little green island of which they now had so fair a view.

The central figure was the Bishop. He was telling his lordship and her ladyship, with a few others, who had arisen early to get a glimpse of welcome land, some of the strong points of Irish history.

It was an amicable conversation, the representatives of the English nobility maintaining their side of the mild controversy guided by the light through which they viewed te question; but, on the whole they did not deny that

Ireland, from the standpoint of civilization, had ground for grievances, past and present.

When I joined the group the Bishop was descanting on the natural beauties of the Emerald Isle and expressing regret that more industrial plants were not encouraged there. Growing somewhat eloquent, he was inspired to exclaim by way of apostrophy:

> "Dear Old Ireland, under a ban,
> Blessed by God; cursed by man!"

For hours the speeding steamer kept within sight of the Irish coast; by noon the scene changed to a dim view of the west coast line of bonnie Scotland; by the time the bugle called for the midday repast, the Chicken Lighthouse, on a sharp projection of the Isle of Man, could be seen distinctly.

At luncheon, which was to be the last meal on board, the pleasure of the passengers over the prospect of soon landing was apparent. Some expressed the hope that friendships formed on the voyage would be perpetuated, though the time for a final parting had not come.

The hopeful table stewards and the other attendants, whose time of harvest was now at hand, seemed to smile their blandest smiles. Among themselves they had discussed their chances; there was not a guest in the assemblage who, at some time during the passage, had not been the subject of speculation as to his value in the matter of the forthcoming tip.

During the afternoon, before entering the river Mersey, to sail up to Liverpool, the Pilot, accompanied by the quarantine officer, came on board. This to the passengers was a signal of hope and an assurance of an early landing.

Everyone watched anxiously the officials scale the rope ladder to the deck. They were greatly relieved that the pilot and his companion, the Doctor, had not tumbled off backwards into the water, so frail and unreliable seemed the device by which they climbed. With the coming of these strangers from the outer world, the impulse to get ready for leaving the boat seemed to pervade everyone.

It was about four o'clock when the steamer approached the floating docks of Liverpool. Hundreds of little tug boats and big ferries passed in every direction, shrieking as if in pain and belching smoke which at times enveloped the incoming liner in dense clouds.

Stewards became busy carrying from the staterooms the luggage, which only a few days before they had brought in, arranging it on the deck, preparatory to delivering the whole pile over to the custom officers.

Ringing bells indicated five o'clock, when the first cabin passengers took leave of the steamer, its officers and of one another, to face the anticipated ordeal of the custom house and the law's representatives.

"Getting through" was not as harrowing as had been described by friends in America who

claimed to have their knowledge from actual contact.

Our little party was greeted by a uniformed officer with a smile which seemed reassuring. The official promptly accompanied the family to the section labeled with their initial. The impedimenta was found in one pile.

"Anything dutiable?" asked the Inspector, resplendent in blue and brass buttons, pointing to the collection of trunks and hand-bags, as they rested inoffensively in the corner.

"Not a thing," I replied.

"No spirits, or tobacco?"

"You can look for yourself," and I offered him the bunch of keys.

"Traveling for pleasure?" asked the officer taking the proffered keys in hand.

"That's all we're over here for, and we hope to find it," I replied, wondering what question the Inspector would propound next.

"Well, maybe it's all right, sir! We'll let it go at that!" said the Government's man, stooping down to restrap an innocent looking steamer trunk which he had made a pretense of opening. With a flourish of chalk the official inscribed a hieroglyphic on every piece of baggage indicating that all was "OK."

As the Inspector was about to move away, I separated a good cigar from my upper vest pocket and handed it to him.

"Thank you!" he said with a rising inflection, as he disposed of the Havana for future

use in one of the capacious receptacles of his garments.

As the family left the Custom House, attention was attracted to a line of 'buses at the street curb. There was no shouting nor ardent soliciting of business. Bus men stood close to the doors of their respective conveyances, whip in hand, and, in a low tone, named the hostelries to which they were prepared to drive. They could hardly be heard above the loud murmur of the city streets. The driver for the Northwestern Station Hotel was called, who, coming forward, picked up the hand luggage and placed it on the top of the 'bus, explaining that a truck would convey the trunks from the Custom House to the hotel.

The boat's passengers were in evidence everywhere for the time being. If they were not fussing about their luggage, they were striving to decide to which of the hotels it would be best to go. At this point it was that the congenial crowd was about to be lost in the great vortex of Liverpool and the innumerable cities and towns of many European countries.

CHAPTER VI

"OW, THOSE AMERICANS!"—LONDON

The Northwestern Hotel 'bus was packed to its limit. With swinging and jolting over the hard pavements the occupants received a fair panoramic view of the second city in population and commerce in the United Kingdom. Liverpool gives an inadequate impression of England's attractiveness. Few cities have spent more money on buildings and water front; still there is little in an artistic way to hold attention.

The next day when Junior and I returned to the hotel after a leisurely stroll about town, we were accosted by Madam, who exclaimed:

"I've made a discovery!"

"What is it?"

"Oh, it's in line with the great alliterative theme—An Anglo-American Alliance."

"Good, what about it?"

"Well, I used to think an alliance of that kind would be a good thing in the regular course of logic; but really I don't believe the English people like us as the newspapers of the United States would lead one to believe."

"Isn't it rather early in your experience abroad to voice an impression of such international importance, before you have been on

British soil twenty-four hours?" I protested with assumed severity.

"Oh, a straw to me will indicate which way the wind is blowing!" she exclaimed, waking up to the subject. "I saw the straw this morning; I can safely hazard an opinion on the direction of the breeze over here."

"What's up, Mamma?" asked Junior, aware of his mother's rising indignation as proclaimed by the bright sparkle in her dark eyes.

"Tell us," we urged, now thoroughly interested.

"Well," she resumed firmly, "if the English don't positively dislike us, they at least have very queer views of Americans and their ways."

"What makes you think so? So far I've found the natives here rather nice and polite."

"Well, I'll out with it; when the maid came into the rooms this morning, she apologized for not responding to the bell more promptly. She complained the house was crowded with people from London, the provinces of England, the regular Liverpool guests and, 'Ow, so many of those Americans; you know!'"

"Didn't she take you to be an American?" was interjected by the audience.

"I can't say; but I remarked to her casually that from her tone I inferred she did not care much for the travelers from the United States."

"'Ow, I don't mind them very much; don't you know,' she replied; 'I get along very well

with them; but the rest of the help don't fancy them a bit—their ways are so queer, they say, and so different from ours.'

"'Indeed,' I answered, 'I imagine they are quite different.'

"'Ow y-e-s! But then you know,' she concluded, making matters worse, 'I have a way of getting along with Americans. You see they seem all correct and clever to me, when they're rightly handled; I know how to manage them, you see!'"

"What happened at that juncture?" was asked in chorus.

"I said, or did, nothing," replied the Madam, with dignified emphasis, "except to put a bright half crown piece which I had laid on the dresser, intending to hand it to the maid for a tip, back into my purse, to stay there until I determined whether this seemingly ingenuous one's speech was really prompted by simplicity, or impertinence."

"Ah, I understand," ventured I, "No doubt, from your olive complexion, dark hair and eyes, she mistook you for a French woman, which may account for her remarkable freedom of speech. I'm sure she never took you for a niece of Uncle Sam." This pouring of oil on the troubled waters had the desired effect—we all laughed heartily and changed the subject.

Outside the clouds grew denser; rain continued to fall and altogether the prospect of

seeing more of Liverpool that day was not encouraging. It was suggested that the family avail itself of an early afternoon train and spin on to London, in day light, instead of making the night trip as previously arranged.

After luncheon the hall porter, a fine functionary, done up in blue uniform covered with gold lace and cap to match, was requested to have the luggage at the train at the given hour. Fortunately it was not necessary to cross the city to a depot, for the Northwestern station was at the hotel's back door. Passengers and their impedimenta could be handled without any chance of getting drenched.

Uniformed guards and porters under the direction of a station master were in evidence on all parts of the platform, ready to furnish information to passengers before the official whistle would signal the engineer to start. A remarkable condition was the utter absence of clanging bells, or useless noises of any kind.

But with all the quiet, good order attending the starting of the train, the experienced American travelers must needs indulge apprehensions of confusion at the journey's end, when the time came for claiming property. The absence from Great Britain's railway system of the little brass baggage check, to which Americans have been so long accustomed was conspicuous.

I called attention to the fine farms on either side of the company's right of way, as we

sped on, dwelling with enthusiasm on the broad pastures, the plump sheep, the sleek cows, the capricious colts and calling special attention to the oleagenous porkers, scampering off at the approach of the rapidly moving train.

"For neat hedge fences England seems to have us beaten," exclaimed Junior, a note of regret in his tone. "I never saw anything like that before, did you, Mamma? Think of how many miles of green hedge rows we have seen today; and aren't the roadways perfect?"

"Don't forget," suggested the Madam, "that England has been working on hedge fences and smooth roads for many centuries; the perfection of these features of Great Britain is the natural result of time, industry and cultivation. In the New England States you will find roads and hedges as good in quality as these, but perhaps, not so extensive. In the western states these features of civilization will be developed and improved as time goes on."

A new experience awaited the family at the next stop—Stafford. There was no dining car in the train, and it was late in the afternoon when this station was approached; some one in the compartment said that tea baskets could be procured on the platform.

As the engine slackened its speed, station porters rushed up, opening the compartment doors, to announce: "Tea bawskets! Tea

bawskets, Sir! Two Shillings! Tea bawskets!"

They have the afternoon tea habit strong in England—the custom pervades all classes from the highest to the most lowly. With a rare exception the passengers patronized the excited vendors. Every one took his neat little basket on his knee and proceeded to expose its contents.

The small hamper was made of wicker, long and flat, the interior resembling a knife tray, with a lid adjusted on hinges. In it were a pot of warm tea, cup and spoon, with a limited supply of milk and sugar, a few bread and butter sandwiches and a small assortment of cakes.

When the edibles were disposed of, the "bawskets," as they were called in the vernacular, were deposited under the compartment seats, to be removed by porters at the next stopping place.

A thrill of excitement not easy to describe was experienced by passengers who were arriving in London for the first time.

Junior was dispatched to the luggage van, which corresponded to the American baggage car, with instructions to pick out the trunks and sit on them until they would be required.

"I wish it were possible to have them checked," I sighed, apologetically to the boy.

"Why are trunks not checked in this country?" asked Junior mystified.

"If they were, I wouldn't have to go and hold them down; would I, Pop?"

"We will miss the checking system here," ventured the Madam, who was sorry to see her idol go to the other end of the platform alone in search of the baggage.

"Why don't the English adopt our way? Haven't they ever heard of the method of transferring trunks in the United States?"

"That reminds me of a conversation I had on the train coming up to London," I said.

"In the course of a long talk, a very well posted Englishman showed me how loath his people are to introduce changes in old systems.

"We were talking about the shortcomings of the railway service in England. Incidentally I made a disparaging remark about some particular feature which did not quite suite me.

" 'We're used to criticism, you know,' said the conservative Britain; 'most Americans when they first come over to see us, cawn't adapt themselves to what they call our slow going institutions. In fact we don't mind a little friendly criticism; not at all!'

" 'Thank you,' was all I could say.

" 'My dear sir, don't thank me; it's quite unnecessary. Maybe you are not aware that our Government, years ago, sent a commission to the States to investigate American railroads in all their details, with instructions to prepare and submit an official report on

their return to England.'

" 'That is news to me; haven't the commissioners returned home yet?'

" 'Oh, yes; they reported long since.'

" 'What changes did they suggest?

" 'The report was extremely brief; in effect, simply that the railroads throughout the British possessions were all quite right, don't you know; there was nothing to be improved and the ways of American railroad magnates were in no way superior to the methods in vogue with us; that's all.' "

Across the platform along which the train had stopped, I, collecting our grips and rugs in a pyramid pile, perceived aside from the rushing throng of travelers, a great array of hackney coaches and hansoms, all under the arched roof of the station.

Calling a porter, whose heavy corduroy uniform in the summer time must have been very oppressive, I told him to carry the trunks from the luggage van.

The drive from Euston Station through Hyde Park to destination in Norfolk Street, off the Strand, was full of excitement.

CHAPTER VII

AT THE HOTEL—A GENIAL BONIFACE

The ubiquitous hall porter was at the curb before the carriage could stop on the sanded square, in front of the Howard Hotel, ready to open the door and direct his hustling aids to dispose of the luggage.

As the family turned to follow "buttons" to the lift, on their way to the comfortable suite which had been assigned them, overlooking Surrey street, the office door opened, and the dignified Boniface stepped out of his British reserve to give welcome to the "visitors from Chicago, in America."

His greeting was cordial, his genial mien suggesting Shakespeare's couplet:

> "Welcome ever smiles,
> And farewell goes out sighing."

The evening table d'hote was well served. Throughout the meal, though, the large dining room was crowded, the peaceful quiet and utter lack of noisy interchange of conversation was most noteworthy. In handling the dishes, the waiters caused no confusion, nor did they create any disturbance by unseeming haste, or bungling.

Always alert to the slightest behest of

Always alert to the slightest behest of guests, they seemed to anticipate orders, so that every course from canape to dessert was served in an agreeable manner which might suggest to the ardent, if not hysterical, American abroad, that in many regards England comes nearer to being the Theosophists' desideratum—Nirvana, than any country within the boundaries of ordinary travel.

Drinking water alone was lacking; ice was not to be thought of except on special order.

The omission of "coffee" from the menu card was noticeable. The European has gone beyond the custom of serving that stimulating extract at the regular meal. If cafe noir, or cafe au lait is desired after dinner, the coffee room, or lounge, is established in all hotels and clubs for that purpose. There the men may leisurely partake of their coffee, with the ladies, while indulging in a quiet smoke.

After dinner on the first evening in London, we adjourned to the coffee room which was neatly furnished in Japanese style, where, later, mine host looked in upon us.

Seeing the trio in full enjoyment of post-prandial indulgence, he came up to the diminutive bamboo table at which we sat.

Strangely, his first question was not: "How do you like England?" or "How does London impress you?"

Merely regretting that the party had not arrived before the close of "the season," when royalty might be seen riding on horseback in

Hyde Park, he entered upon general conversation.

From him it was learned that the very site on which the hotel was located teemed with historical interest, many soul-stirring scenes having been witnessed and tragedies enacted within a small radius.

"When you start out to see the city," said Boniface, "you will be amply repaid for a visit to the present Savoy Chapel, built in the fifteenth century. It contains a number of interesting monuments and tablets, including those of Richard Landor, the African explorer, and Anne Killigrew, whom Dryden immortalizes as a grace of beauty and a muse of wit."

Boniface smilingly concluded his entertaining talk with the remark:

"Why dig up the gloomy traditions of the ancient strongholds and mansions that have long departed?

> "All glory to those sterner times!
> But leave them to their minstrel rhymes."

When next day the family surveyed the bustling thoroughfares of Fleet Street and the Strand, in imagination it was not difficult to take the arm of that prince of gossips, Samuel Pepys, as he strolled out of the city on a fine summer's night, over the old Fleet Bridge, down the Strand, "to take the ayre"; then, regretfully, to retrace one's steps and hurry back, lest the city gates be closed for the night. Or,

maybe, to travel with him by water to the Temple "and thence to Cocke Ale House, in Fleet Street, to drink, and eat a lobster and sing to be mighty merrie."

What has New York's Great White Way on Sam, who really set the pace in consumption of the delectable seafood?

As I stood at the corner of Norfolk Street and the Strand memories suggested by previous reading, crowded thick upon me.

The Temple not far off, contains the tombs and effigies of the old crusaders; the Temple's precincts afford a welcome refuge from the heat and whirl of city life.

Around this locality is the halo of romance cast by Dickens; there is, however, no spot more charming or peaceful than Fountain Court: "Merrily the fountain plays and merrily the dimples sparkle in its sunny face."

The sparrows, bred in Temple chinks and crannies, flit among the overhanging boughs, just as on that immortal summer afternoon, when sweet little Ruth Pinch, with the brown hair fallen down beneath her bonnet, tripped lightly down the steps to the Garden Court and was "so surprised" when John Westlock, "who couldn't be mistaken," overtook her.

The Strand presented a scene of amazing activity. Pedestrians, many of them tourists, thronged the sidewalks; swiftly moving vehicles, controlled by the magic beck of a Bobby's finger, or baton, jammed the broad roadway.

'Buses of every known color and kind—the horse, the electric and the malodorous gasoline motor—rushed along in all directions in imminent danger of colliding, but miraculously never getting together. Nowhere but in London could such a mob be kept within bounds.

The secret is in the police force and the discipline of Scotland Yards, coupled with a wholesome respect for the law on the part of the populace.

Junior marveled that every moving thing, human or otherwise, invariably turned to the left to avoid a mix-up, instead of to the right as he had been trained at home.

We strolled along the Strand fascinated by its rush and roar.

Madam's mind was bent on visiting the shops in Bond and Regent Streets. My lack of interest in shopping prompted the suggestion that they inspect London merchandise, while I would go to Parr's Bank, in Bartholomew Lane, on which my letter of credit was good.

"Now," said I to the family, "when you have feasted your eyes on the bargains possible under England's free trade system, don't be in a hurry to buy; later you may profit by the information you acquire on the first round of the shops.

"Meet me at high noon in Old Cheshire Cheese, Wine Office Court, Fleet Street, for luncheon, where one is sure to get, if he wants

it, lark pie, or beefsteak pudding, diet to which we are unaccustomed."

With this understanding, I gave heed to the vociferous 'bus conductor's invitation to board his conveyance, which would take me through the Strand, Fleet Street, past Ludgate Circus, and, as I had learned to pronounce it, to the "Bonk."

The day was bright and comparatively cool; I climbed to the top where I secured a seat in front, next the driver, who was the personification of civility and local intelligence.

In matters pertaining to London, the city near which he was born and raised, and out of which district he had the distinction of never having set foot, the driver appeared to be omniscient.

CHAPTER VIII.

ON TOP O' THE BUS

As we jogged along, the bus man suddenly turned to me with the query:

"'An American, I'm sure, sir?'

"'Yes.'

"'Great country, they tell me.'

"'Oh, yes!'

"'From what part are you?'

"'Chicago.'

"'Where all the tinned meats come from?'

"'Sure.'

"'Will Chic-a-go suffer much from the Chile earthquake, do you think? It's very near Chile, I'm sure; is it not?'"

The Chilian earthquake had occurred the day before—the driver was full of the newspaper account of it.

As the 'bus rattled along, the driver showed that he knew his London, if he did not grasp the great proportions of the world's map.

Entering the Strand, he called attention to Covent Garden Market, one of the attractions of the metropolis. The barber shop facing Chancery Lane had been a palace of Henry VIII, and had served Cardinal Wolsey in the same capacity.

Dr. Johnson had been in and out of most of

the old taverns in the street, in Gough Square, he labored on his dictionary. He and Boswell, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Burke and the rest of that illustrious circle, met often at the "Cheshire Cheese." Goldsmith half starved in that court as a literary hack.

St. Paul's Cathedral now loomed up with a railed-in garden that once was sombre with tombstones and decaying vaults.

The records indicate no time when this site was not the center of religious life. The Britons had a temple to Wodin there; the Romans, one to Diana. In early Saxon days a Catholic church reared its steeple on this spot.

Leaving St. Paul's Churchyard, the 'bus moved into Pater Noster Row, so called from the rosaries and prayerbooks formerly sold there.

There at the entrance to Cheapside stands the statue of Sir Robert Peel; then comes within view the space enclosed by the Mansion House, The Bank, the Royal Exchange, which is the centre of the city.

Handing the loquacious 'bus man a bright sixpence, I said good-bye.

By the intervention of a Bobby's gesture my life was saved, for the dense throng of moving vehicles which threatened to destroy me, stopped, as if by magic; I found myself high and dry on a little island surrounded by iron posts in the middle of the highway.

Soon I was hustling along with busy brok-

ers, clad in Prince Albert coats and two-gallon hats, who had business to transact among the banks in the locality.

For general attractiveness Parr's Bank did not compare with the banking institutions of the United States. I soon realized that in London, "business is business," that ostentatious furnishings in counting rooms added nothing to a corporation's credit.

The absence of the typewriter's click in any part of the establishment was noticeable; I learned the fair typist had no place there.

The introduction from the Corn Exchange National Bank, Chicago, proved an open sesame to the private office of Mr. R. Allan Shand, the general manager.

A gentleman of erudition, with a broad knowledge of affairs, financial and otherwise, Mr. Shand welcomed me cordially.

He referred to a time not long after the Chicago fire, in 1871, when he had visited the metropolis of the West.

When he asked what he could do for me during my sojourn, I intimated that we would like to go through "The Bank," across the way, if a visit could be conveniently arranged.

It is not vouchsafed to everyone to visit the private precincts of the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street; proper introduction is required.

The day was set for a fortnight hence when we were scheduled to return from a tour of Scotland and Ireland.

Cheshire Cheese Inn presented a forbidding aspect, the entrance being quite as impossible as that of the Old White Chapel Club in Chicago in the World's Fair days. But I led the way confidently under a low lintel which defined the top of the opening into a dark little apartment with a beamed ceiling.

The row of long tables with wooden benches, instead of chairs, gave the place an antique, even a grotesque, appearance.

It was not the day for traditional lark pie, but other edibles were available. The stewed cheese, served on toast in shallow tin pans was a novelty; while the dish naturally suggested Welsh rarebit, it differed greatly from the American specialty.

During the repast we viewed the old fireplace across the room which distinguished literati including, of course, Dr. Johnson, whose name comes to every one's tongue most readily, were wont to hug on cold nights.

Some ardent American admirer that day had hung a bunch of roses over the mantel in Johnson's memory.

The Inn was patronized by many foreigners, who were gathered in pleasant groups about the crude tables.

Luncheon over, the waiter brought a register for the trio's inscriptions under the date indicated. The volume, a thick one, was filled with signatures dating back for many years.

By way of an after-dinner amusement, we

undertook to read some of the sentiments the book contained.

One brief verse was characteristic, and appealed to us as being especially apt at the time, though written in the year 1899.

It was by a citizen of Omaha, whose faith in the doctrine of free silver, or its apostle, was evidently not orthodox. It read:

"We came and ate at Cheshire Cheese,
We came and ate and had our ease;
For what to us is London's roar,
We've heard Bill Bryan roar before."

Every American visiting London discovers that the English people pride themselves on ultra conservatism and finds them in many instances painfully taciturn.

In the opinion of the cockney, it is the Yankee alone who talks loud and asks questions in public.

To this rule I found an exception.

One day Madam, Junior and I had arranged to meet at Peter Robinson's in Oxford Circus for luncheon.

They were to put in the morning shopping, while I went about a few affairs in Bond Street.

Business finished, I found myself at the base of the Nelson statue in Trafalgar Square. Mounting a 'bus, I started on my way.

There were no passengers on top as I ascended, and it looked as if it were for me to do the sight-seeing all by myself.

After awhile I seemed to lapse into reverie. Imagine my surprise, when a voice with its

own peculiar accent, from across the aisle inquired:

"I say, sir, can you tell me where the Seven Dials are?"

I had not noticed anyone come up the ladder; but sure enough, on the other side of the aisle, sat a plump gentleman, clad in the garb of the clergy of the Church of England.

As I was about to return a negative answer, I raised my eyes, and not far distant ahead, I saw what appeared to be a cluster of seven converging triangular buildings and narrow streets, reminding me of the old five points in New York.

My wits, awakening, grasped the situation; I responded quickly, without batting an eye:

"Why, yes, sir; there they are," as I pointed to my discovery.

"Oh, thank you; thank you very much, indeed, sir; don't you know, it's seven years since I visited London; dear me, the shops along he'r are so changed that, really, I've quite lost me bearings."

By this unusual freedom of speech on the part of the English clergyman, I was prompted to inquire:

"Are you an American?"

"An American! Did you think I was an American? Oh, dear no!"

"You speak the language," I ventured.

"What, the American language; not at all!

"Why, my dear sir, when I came to London

seven years ago, I met a man from what they call the New England States of America; sir, don't you know, he had such a peculiar way of speaking. Such a twang, a manner of talking through his nose, I could scarcely understand him. Oh, my, my; did you really take me for an American?"

When I suggested that all Americans didn't talk through their proboscis, and it wasn't the proper thing to hold the people of a whole nation responsible for the dialect of the citizens of a very small part, he assured me, in confidence, that Americans were invariably distinguished by their nasal tone.

"Would it be fair to judge the language of all England by the dialect of some of its provinces?" I asked, quietly.

"Now for instance," I continued, "there's Yorkshire. I've met men from there who would have to call an interpreter to make themselves understood."

"Yorkshire; my dear sir," he exclaimed in surprise, "to be sure, Yorkshire; don't you know, sir, I have my living in Yorkshire."

The situation, which might have grown embarrassing had the conversation continued, was relieved by our arrival at destination, where I bade my clerical companion good-bye, and descended to mingle once more with the London throng in the vicinity of Oxford Circus.

CHAPTER IX

A RAINY SABBATH IN SCOTLAND

At the very start we promised ourselves we'd take in Scotland and Ireland before tackling France.

"Why not Ireland first, in the proper order, as laid down in the geography text book?" I seem to hear you ask.

A courtesy to Madam, to be sure; because her mother was a high-bred Scotch woman.

That's how, on a bright Saturday afternoon we found ourselves at Balloch prepared to embark for Inversnaid at the far end of Loch Lomond, from which place we were to take the Trosachs tour.

No part of the Trosachs is more beautiful than deep, blue Lomond.

"How wide the lake in limpid beauty smiles
Round the green yews that shade the Lemond isles;
See, old Alclutha to the sight displays,
Her rock impregnable in ancient days
From the broad streams its whitening summits rise,
Like famed Parnassus, towering to the skies."

Loch Lomond is considered the most picturesque lake in the world.

Thirty miles long, eight to ten miles broad, at its southern end, it tapers to a mile in width

at the north; in depth, it varies from sixty to six hundred feet.

In days agone, this beautiful body of water was superstitiously renowned for three wonders: waves without wind, fish without fins and a floating island.

A grand object is colossal Ben Lomond. Big Ben and the lands extending along the whole eastern shore of the lake were formerly the property of Rob Roy, whose name is identified with several of the more remarkable features of the landscape.

Smollett preferred Loch Lomond to the Lago di Gardo, Albano, De Vico and Geneva.

Sir Walter Scott has done for this lake what Byron, Rouseau, Gibbon and De Stael did in bequeathing so many magical associations to Lake Leman.

The enchanting creations of Scott have conferred on Loch Lomond and the neighboring lakes of the Trosachs, the spell of fascinations no less powerful and enduring.

Inversnaid Mill, with the bold scenery adjoining, is the environment of Wordsworth's beautiful poem, beginning:

> "But I, me thinks, till I grow old,
> As fair a maid shall ne'er behold
> As I do now; the cabin small—
> The lake—the bay—the waterfall
> And thee —the spirit of them all"

At Inversnaid hotel we were made comfortable, and pleased to find a family of New

Yorkers among the others registered from all over Christendom.

The Scotch woman who managed the place, in a brief conversation, revealed a fact we had forgotten or overlooked. Here was Sabbatarian Scotland—not a wheel would move on the morrow, and we must be content to remain where we were till Monday.

A fierce thunder storm came up during the night; the rain continued throughout Sunday, even the piously inclined, who would have gone to church, were prevented.

Between meals the guests gathered around the big open fire-place. Whenever the door opened a spinal chill was felt by those hugging the fire; instantly the newcomer was urged to close the portal.

The glow of a grate on a raw day in Scotland is not the last word in heating.

Those who sat down to read, took the precaution to don overcoats, or wrap themselves in rugs and shawls.

As it was not considered nice to whistle, or play checkers, on the Lord's Day, a Scotchman in a warm plaid, very close to the hearth, opened with a story he had just heard in Edinburgh:

"A lad and his dog," he said, "were passing the fish market, when a plump lobster reached out and caught the canine by the tail.

Howling like mad, the animal dashed down

When the door opened, a spinal chill was felt by those hugging the fire.

the street, while the boy and the fish-monger stood petrified with amazement.

The owner of the fish stall finally recovered his speech yelling at the young man:

"'Hoot, tout, mon, whussel on yer dog!'

"'Nay, nay, sir; do ye whussel on yer lobster.'"

That was a good start for a dull day, and gave courage to another native of the Highlands.

"A Yankee traveling through one of the most picturesque portions of our mountains, met a farmer at work, and talked guardedly on the beauty of the surrounding scenery, concluding with the remark: 'I suppose, my friend, you like these mountains that people come so far to look at? I like them to beat everything myself,' he continued, 'but if I'd had the sortin' of these hills, I'd made 'em a little peakeder.'"

Accepting this little slap at a citizen of New England, without a visible wince, my new friend from Gotham, not waiting for another to intervene, said:

"I have a friend in New York who recently built an elegant house; his beautiful bathroom is of white marble with bright silver hardware; in addition he has a fine music box concealed in the room. After my friend moved in an Englishman paid him a visit.

"Englishmen, you know, are noted the world

over for devotion to their sovereign; this one was no exception.

"After showing his home to the foreign visitor, my friend remembered the fondness of the English people for a bath; he escorted his guest to the luxurious bathroom and while there turned on the music box, wishing to give his visitor a pleasant surprise as he bathed. Then he left him.

"About an hour later the Englishman joined his host in the drawing room, and was immediately asked what he thought of the lavatory. To which the Englishman replied, 'It is beautiful, beautiful!'

" 'Well, how did you like the music box?'

"With disgust in his tone, the Englishman exclaimed:

" 'Bah! That music box! The old thing played God Save the King, and I had to stand up all the time I was trying to bathe.' "

The Scotchman, whose name I concluded must be Sandy, because of his straggling blond beard, up to this had not opened his oral cavity, but he came in with a capital story.

"McGregor, ye ken," he said, "was as sick as the deil, and the doctor had to be called in. After feeling the patient's pulse, he prescribed, and was about to leave, saying:

" 'When the medicine comes from the apothecary's, be sure and take it with regularity, every two hours.'

" 'Thank 'e, docthor,' replied the sick man,

'but may I not have a drap of whuskey, at all?'

"'Oh,' rejoined the man of medicine, 'Sure, you can have one ounce a day.'

"With that he left the puzzled patient.

"'Jock!' shouted the invalid to his son, who was reading over in the chimney corner, when the door had closed after the physician.

"'What, faither?'

"'What's an ounce?'

"'I dinna' ken; where's my arithmetic?'

"Reaching up to a shelf, he brought down the desired book containing tables of weights and measures. Turning the leaves, he finally exclaimed:

"'Here 'tis, faither; eight drahms, one ounce!'

"The sick man's face brightened as he exclaimed:

"'What a g-r-a-n-d docthor!'"

"Well, as to that, now, I've got one," said the tall, thin Scot towering above the group, as he drew his wrap close around him.

"A little Scotch boy's grandmother was packing his luncheon for school one morning. Suddenly looking up in the dear old lady's face, he said:

"'Grandmother, does yer specs magnify?'

"'A wee bit, my child,' she answered, 'Why?'

"'Aweel, then,' said the boy, 'I wad juist like it if ye wad tak' 'em aff when ye'r packing my loonch.'"

Thinking it was up to me to tell a tale, be-

cause they "wad na" let me do a jig on the Sabbath, I recalled a traveler's tale.

"The lady in the center seat of a parlor car," I said, "heard the request of a fellow passenger directly opposite asking the porter to open the widow, and scenting a draft, she at once drew a cloak about her.

" 'Porter,' she said, 'if that window is opened I shall freeze to death.'

" 'And if the window is kept shut,' returned the other passenger, 'I shall surely suffocate.'

"The poor porter stood irresolute and puzzled between two fires.

" 'Say, boss,' he finally appealed to a commercial traveler seated near by, 'what would you do?'

" 'Do?' exclaimed the traveling man; 'Why, man alive, that is easy; just open the window and freeze one lady; then close it and suffocate the other.' "

"How could he be so cruel?" asked the natty, little lady from Glasgow, with a burr on her tongue.

CHAPTER X

TROSACHS—AYR—SHRINE OF BURNS

The gloomy Sabbath was followed by a beautiful, bright Monday.

Everybody was ready for the Trosachs trip, in which the initial event was a coach ride to Loch Catrine.

With a fanfare of trumpets, the vehicle drawn by six spanking horses dashed off amid vociferous shouts of the travelers, for Loch Catrine which is encompassed by mountains through which communication has been established with Loch Achray by some great convulsion of nature.

The intermediate defile, known as the pass of the Trosachs, or "bristled territory," is occupied by intricate groups of rocky and wooded eminences.

The fame of this district of Scotland was immortalized by the publication of Scott's "Lady of the Lake."

On the way we sailed up to the Trosachs Hotel, where a sumptuous dinner was served; then via coaches we traveled many miles over beautiful Scotch hills, with their glorious crags and stretches of purple heather! How sweet is the fragrance of that same heather after the rain! We watched the fleecy clouds as they floated up from the valley to cling to

the sides of the rough crags until the rocky masses themselves seemed to be floating in a ghostly sea of mist. Can there be anything more beautiful than such a scene, with all its wild grandeur, its richness of sunshine lighting up the distant patches of heather and rock and bringing out the delicious harmony of tints in bright relief against the sombre background of the dark gray hills?

As dusk was coming on, we stopped at Aberfoyle on the River Forth, in time for supper, at the ancient hostelry for which the place is celebrated.

In view of the limited area of Scotland, it is easy to pass from the Trosachs country to the quiet little town of Ayr, rich in its memories of Robert Burns.

The first thing, by the way, I noticed in conversation with Scotch people, was they call their beloved poet "Robby," not "Bobby" as most Americans do.

From the Ayr hotel it was only a short distance to the ruins of Alloway Kirk.

We approached the gate, guarded by a veritable Silas Wegg; his name must have been that of Dickens' famous character, for he had the inevitable wooden leg and a strong disposition to drop into poetry.

"May we come in?" I asked as I put my feet on the stepping stone.

"Sure, mon, why should I be here if ye couldna' coome in?" he replied.

He accompanied us among the stones of the graveyard, and as he pointed out the one which marked the burial place of the poet's father, he opened a well-thumbed copy of Burns' works, which he fondled as if he loved it, and read a few appropriate quotations.

Of course it was Tam O'Shanter's ludicrous adventure which made this spot famous; one can scarcely be altogether serious when viewing the old kirk, or its grounds.

"What do you think was the matter with Robby when he wrote that episode of Tam's ride?" I asked the ancient guide without a smile, as we proceeded along the path towards the kirk.

"Was it strong drink, do you think?"

"Drink, mind ye now!" he exclaimed, almost with indignation in his tone; " 'twas not Robby, remember, who was drinking; it was Tam."

I liked the enthusiasm with which the guide repudiated the slight intimation that his favorite subject could be suspected of taking an occasional strong drink; but withal he seemed to be pleased that we were otherwise familiar and friendly with his hero.

As we passed around the kirk, I saw protruding through the stone wall on the far side, a baptismal font. It was well balanced; as much was exposed to the outward view, as to worshipers in the old days, on the inside.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "why is that; to accommodate baptisms to the seasons—winter and summer?"

"Bairn," he said to Junior, who was close at our heels, "go look at that stane away over in yon corner of the kirkyard."

As the boy scampered off, the shrewd Scot turned to us and cautiously whispered his answer to what might have seemed to be a frivolous question:

"Na, Na! it's na like that; I'll tell ye. In the old days when that stoup was used, the bairns who were born in wedlock were christened within the kirk; those born out of wedlock were baptized out in the kirk yard here."

That was truly a new one to us; there was nothing to say; we turned to go and I handed the old man a coveted coin of bright silver.

As we came away we were informed that the real Tam O'Shanter was a Douglas Graham, of Shanter farm in the vicinity.

On his tombstone in the village church yard this character is designated not only by his real, but also by his poetic title.

Today in Ayr, there is a "Tam O'Shanter Inn," where Tam is said to have caroused so long with his boon companion Souter Johnny. A crude portrait of Tam and Johnny, with bumpers in their fists, is placed above the portal. The contentment of the bibulous pair suggests the lines:

"Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills of life victorious"

As we were crossing the ould Brig o' Doon, which is very little changed since the days of

Burns, discussing the quaint guide from whom we had just parted, the strains of a violin fell on our ears. A few paces brought us in view of a mendicant fiddler, who stepped back and forth at the other end of the bridge. On nearer approach the music seemed inspiring. He was playing and attempting to sing:

"Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon—
How can ye bloom so fresh and fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae weary, fu' o' care?"

The mendicant was not a coarse, dirty beggar, such as one might find in London or Glasgow, but a man of refined voice and manners, clad in well brushed, glossy clothes, with a woolen cloth about his neck, to cover the absence of linen, on that warm summer morning.

As he tried to sing the highest notes, he'd serenely stop his failing voice, fiddle a little harder and supply the notes with his bow.

The old musician seemed to appeal especially to the Madam, whose Scotch blood was thrilled; several times I encored him with a handful of coppers. Thus induced, he gave a pleasant variety to his concert.

We left him doing his very best with the soothing chords of "Annie Laurie."

In an environment so beautiful, the strains of the instrument were truly sweet as they floated over the Doon.

Before we left the Brig, the flight of Tam O'Shanter again occurred to us. We laughed,

as in our minds, we beheld his mare coming up to this ancient span—pursued by enraged witches, whose orgies the hero had rashly interrupted in Alloway Kirk, and

> "Brought aff his master haill,
> But left behind her ain gray tail."

Homage to the great bard of Scotland at his far-famed monument, was our sincere duty.

It was a bright balmy day; the birds were carolling in every tree; the bushes that overshadow the river were in leaf; the roses had opened their crimson folds, and we all three were impressed that the birds sang and roses bloomed more sweetly on the banks of the Doon than in any other place.

The monument consists of a three-sided rustic base, supported by a circular peristyle of the Corinthian order, surmounted by a cupola, the decorations of which are in strict accordance with the finest specimens of Grecian art.

Turning away from the monument, I saw the tramcar which had brought us to the place, and suggested that we travel to the other end of town; soon we were whizzing through Ayr. The sun was in the zenith when we got off in front of a large cathedral.

"Before climbing the hill," said the Junior, "don't you think it's time for refreshments? Aren't any of you hungry? I am!"

I looked about for a hostelry where we could get a luncheon before returning to the hotel for dinner.

Across the street was a posting station; though unprepossessing in appearance, it was the most promising place in sight.

As the Junior afterward explained to a friend when one of us was telling the tale which follows, a posting station is a combination of livery stable and saloon.

There were three openings in the front of the establishment, labeled, "Gentlemen," "Wholesale" and "The Pub." Selecting the first, I entered.

A pretty barmaid smiled as I approached.

"Have you no accommodations for ladies?" I asked.

"Ladies? No sir; but wait!"

She fell back to make room for the plump, little Scotch matron, who seemed to own the place.

When I informed her that my entire family was in need of sustenance, she arose to the occasion, saying:

"Why yes, my dear sir, just take them to my own private parlor upstairs; entry, you'll find on the side."

We found our way up to the regulation darkened sitting room; it required a few minutes to become accustomed to the lack of light and air—the room was closed tight, with double shades down.

The smooth black horse-hair furniture put our minds—the Madam's and mine—back a few years to the time when this was the kind of upholstery we had in the respective homes

of our childhood. The Junior for a time found pleasure in climbing upon the old fashioned sofa and sliding down again.

By and by my eyes wandered, and on the walls I could discern waxen wreaths, glass covered, in heavy frames—the perpetuated flowers from graves of past generations.

No comment could be made quietly on the subject of immortal wreaths before the door opened and mine buxom hostess entered.

Commenting on the intense heat of the day, she bade us welcome, and asked what she could furnish us.

The edibles, neatly served, were well prepared, but the liquid refreshment for the man of the party was absolutely innocent of ice.

"Ayr is a fine town, Madam," I ventured, to start the conversation.

" 'Deed it is, sir,'

"We like it very much; we've been pretty well all over it today—it's beautiful and the atmosphere is delightful."

" 'Deed it is, sir; it's twelve year since we sold our farm in Ayrshire and came here to buy this tavern; we've done very nicely, thank you.'

"We were in Alloway Kirkyard, across the auld brig o' Doon and the new one, and we inspected the great Burns' monument—truly a deserved testimonial.

" 'Oh, aye; the monument, sir. In the dozen years we've been here, I'm sure I've seen

the monument twice, sir; it's grand, 'deed it is, an' ye canna' be mistaken o' that.'

"Well," I suggested at this spontaneous outburst on her part, "Robby was certainly a great man, in his time!

" 'Deed he must ha' been, sir!'

"Doubtless you know all Robby's works by heart; you're so close to the interesting scenes from which he took his inspiration," I insinuated encouragingly.

The little lady gave a start, straightened up, to respond:

" 'Aye; and did Robby Burns write a b-o-o-k?'

This termination of a promising instructive chat with a native of the place, was so unexpected, that we sought our hotel to prepare for dinner, after a hot day's experience.

At table, that evening, we discussed the beauties of Scotland, the great thrift of the Scotch people and, incidentally, the splendid tacit tribute the citizens of Ayr pay to the intelligence of their dogs. This last subject was suggested by the cute basins, filled with water, placed near the threshold of shops, bearing the inscription: "For dogs." Nowhere else in the world had I found an educational qualification required of the canine species. As Junior sagely remarked, how could the canny Scotch terriers know the little water vessels were exclusively for them if they could not read.

CHAPTER XI

EDINBURGH—MELROSE—ON THE CLYDE

Edinburgh is at times called the "Athens of the North" not so much because in its firmament it held so many literary stars, but because of the topographical resemblance between the capitals of Greece and Scotland.

What seemed to impress us in Edinburgh, aside from its castle on the perpendicular rock, was the monument erected to Sir Walter Scott; it is the noblest tribute to purely literary genius in the world.

Our chief interest centred on the trip to Melrose Abbey, a few hours' ride out of Edinburgh, of which Sir Walter was very fond.

As we alighted at the site of the ancient ruin a depression came over our spirits, when we thought of the brutal vandalism which had destroyed that once imposing edifice. It was man, alas! not nature which caused its downfall. The Abbey was built over seven hundred years ago; it would be standing now had not the ravages of war, and the still more pitiless religious fury given it cruel, destructive blows. Four English armies of invasion vented their spite on its walls; Cromwell, in fact, bombarded it, and the misguided followers of John Knox, in mistaken zeal defaced it with mali-

cious joy. Why? Was it not a grand work of art—an edifice worthy of preservation? The spacious windows were once encased in sculptured frames of stone. Now they are "bare as eyeless sockets," and only a few poor traces of ornamentation exist, where through exhaustion or caprice the vandals stayed their weary hands.

The Abbey originally had a roof of stone as exquisitely carved as the columns which upheld it; but that too has long since vanished. The dome of heaven now is all that is left to cover the ruin.

The outline and mullions of the beautifully chiselled big window at the end of the edifice escaped destruction; what is left of the sculptured frieze on the remains of the abbey may be studied for hours with keen interest. No panel is duplicated; indeed in the case of the carved leaves and vines, standing out in bold relief, one is apt to pause a moment to listen for their rustle, so true to nature is the work.

It was through these windows of Melrose Abbey, once so glorious with color, that Sir Walter referred in his "Lay of the Last Minstrel" to

> "The silver light so pale and faint
> Showed many a prophet and many a saint."

We leave this charming wreck for a three-mile coach drive through delightful, undulating country to Scott's home at Abbotsford. It's a show-place now. In the long library

Scott's bust looks upon the visitor from the dark background of his assembled books. 'Tis a noble, genial face; truly the memory of such a man should be venerated.

"Call it not vain; they do not err
Who say that when the poet dies,
Mute Nature mourns her worshiper
And celebrates his obsequies;
Who say tall cliff and cavern lone
The departed bard makes moan;
The mountains weep in crystal rill;
That flowers in tears of balm distill;
* * * * * * * *
And rivers teach their rushing wave
To murmur dirges round his grave."

Under a tower in Dryburgh Abbey lies Scotland's great genius in his dreamless sleep.

Our visit to Holyrood Castle, when we went back to Edinburgh, and mementos there, which recalled our historical knowledge of Mary, Queen of Scots, was full of interest, and we were loath to leave for commercial Glasgow, a place utterly lacking the classic atmosphere of the capital city.

To reach the Emerald Isle from Glasgow, what easier trip could suggest itself than a sail on the Clyde?

The name of the boat selected gave little promise; but the "Viper" was not half so bad as its title.

We passed the great ship-building yards, which could be seen through large casements from where we sat in the cabin at dinner, Here assembled was an acceptable gathering

of Scotch and north of Ireland merchants, who were genial to the border of conviviality; some were accompanied by their wives and daughters.

Madam with the Junior ascended to deck after the repast to see the immense hull of the Lusitania, which had been launched and was nearing completion. The other ladies of the company emulating her, left the men to their pipes and cigars.

We were the only Americans on board; England had a sole representative in a person of Bohemia who, from his garb, if that may be considered a safe criterion, was nothing, if not an artist.

He was silent, as he smoked and listened to the light stories which were told in rapid succession.

The rotund linen merchant from Belfast, occupying the head of the table, told of a bashful young couple in his city, who from all indications were much in love. As they were boarding a crowded tram car in the chief city of Ulster, the following dialogue was overheard:

"Do you think we can squeeze in here?" he asked, looking doubtfully at her radiant face.

"Don't you think, dear, we had better wait until we get home?" was the soft, embarrassed reply.

When the laughter subsided the wine merchant from Glasgow, a jovial character, was inspired.

"My friend Mrs. Ferguson was telling some ladies of her acquaintance about the burglar scare she had in her house in Glasgow the other night.

" 'Yes,' she said, 'I heard a muckle noise and got up, and there from under the bed I saw a man's legs sticking out.'

" 'Mercy!' exclaimed a woman, 'the burglar's legs?'

" 'No, my dear, my husband's legs. He had heard the noise also.' "

"I got this one from the States," said the woolen goods man, "it's rather good, you know.

"An Irishman upon arriving in America was asked his name at Ellis Island. He gave it.

" 'Speak louder,' said the officer.

"He repeated it.

" 'Louder,' again said the officer; 'why man, your voice is as soft as a woman's.'

" 'Well,' said the new arrival, 'that might be. My mother was a woman.' "

The taciturn attorney, who was characteristically brief uttered this:

"A prominent Scotchman in Edinburgh called to condole with a lady on the death of her husband, and concluded by saying, 'Did he leave you much?'

" 'Nearly every night,' was the reply."

CHAPTER XII

A GAMBLING ARTIST'S TALE

"I had a gambling experience once," said the artist in a drawling tone, as he removed his cigar to sip leisurely from a glass of mingled materials in front of him.

Somehow a gambler's story always commands attention; this one was no exception—he was urged to proceed.

"When I quit college," he said, "I happened to be staying at Paris with an English friend. One night we were idling about the neighborhood of the Palais Royal, doubtful to what amusement we would betake ourselves. My friend proposed a visit to Frascati's; but his suggestion was not to my taste. I knew Frascati's; I had lost and won plenty of five-franc pieces there.

" 'For heaven's sake,' said I to my friend, 'let us go somewhere where we can see a little blackguard, poverty-stricken gaming, with no gingerbread glitter.'

" 'Very well,' he replied, 'we needn't go out of the Palais Royal to find the sort of company you want. Here's the place just before us; as blackguard a place as you could possibly wish to see.'

"In a minute we entered the house and were admitted to the chief gambling-room.

"We had come to see blackguards; but these men were worse. There is a comic side to all blackguardism; here there was nothing but tragedy, mute, weird tragedy. The quiet in the room was horrible. Even the voice of the croupier sounded as if it were strangely dulled in the heavy atmosphere of the room. I soon found it necessary to take refuge in excitement from the depression of spirits which was fast stealing on me. Unfortunately I sought the nearest excitement by going to the table and beginning to play. I won—won prodigiously; won at such a rate that the regular players at the table crowded round me, and, staring at my stakes with hungry, superstitious eyes, whispered to one another that the English stranger was going to break the bank.

"The game was rouge-et-noir. A gambler, in the strict sense of the word, I had never been. I was heart-whole from the corroding passion for play. I never resorted to it by necessity, because I never knew what it was to want money. I had hitherto frequented gambling-tables—just as I frequented ball-rooms and opera-houses—because they amused me.

Now for the first time I felt what the passion for play really was. My success intoxicated me. If I left everything to luck, and staked without any care, I was sure to win. At first some of the men present ventured their money safely enough on my color; but I increased my stakes to sums which they

dared not risk. One after another they quit playing, and breathlessly looked on at my game.

"But one man present preserved his self-possession; he was my friend. He came to my side, whispered in English, begged me to leave the place, satisfied with what I had already gained. He repeated his warnings, and left me only after I had rejected his advice in terms which rendered it impossible for him to address me again that night.

"Shortly after he had gone, a hoarse voice behind me cried, 'Permit me, my dear sir—permit me to restore to their proper place two napoleons which you have dropped. Wonderful luck, sir! I pledge you my word of honor, as an old soldier, in the course of my long experience in this sort of thing, I never saw such luck as yours—never! Go on, sir—sacre mille bombes! Go on boldly; break the bank!'

"I turned round and saw a tall man, dressed in a frogged and braided surtout.

"If I had been in my senses I should have considered him, personally, as being a suspicious specimen of an old soldier. He had blood-shot eyes and a broken nose. In the mad excitement, the reckless triumph of that moment, I was ready to fraternize with anybody who encouraged me. I clapped him on the back and swore he was the most honest fellow in the world.

"'Go on!' cried my military friend, in ecstasy, 'go on, and win! Break the bank—mille

tonnerres! my gallant English comrade, break the bank!'

"And I did go on—and soon the croupier called, 'Gentlemen, the bank has discontinued for tonight.'

"All the notes and gold in that bank now lay in a heap under my hands; the whole floating capital of the gambling-house was waiting for my pockets!

"'Tie up the money in your handkerchief,' said the old soldier; 'your winnings are too heavy for any breeches-pockets. There! that's it—shovel them in! Credé! what luck! Stop! another napoleon on the floor! Ah! sacre petit polisson de Napoleon! have I found thee at last? And now, what remains for me to do? Simply this, to entreat my valued English friend to drink a bottle of champagne with me, and toast the goddess Fortune!'

"'Excellent ex-brave! Champagne by all means! An English cheer for an old soldier!' I cried.

"'Bravo! the Englishman! Another glass? Ah bah! the bottle is empty! Never mind! Vive le vin! I, the old soldier, order another bottle.'

"'No, no, never, ancient grenadier! Your bottle last time; my bottle this! Toast away! The French army! The great Napoleon! The croupier! The honest croupier's wife and daughters—if he has any! The ladies generally! Everybody in the world!'

"By the time the second bottle of cham-

pagne was emptied, I felt as if I had been drinking liquid fire. No excess in wine had ever had this effect on me before. Was it the result of a stimulant?

"'Ex-brave of the French army!' cried I, in a mad state of exhilaration, 'I am on fire! How are you? You have set me on fire! Do you hear? Let us have a third bottle of champagne to put the fire out!'

"The veteran wagged his head, and exclaimed: 'Coffee!' and ran off.

"The word pronounced by the eccentric veteran had a magical effect on the rest of the company. With one accord they rose and departed.

"A sudden change, too, had come over the ex-brave. He assumed a solemn look; when he spoke to me again.

"'Listen, my dear sir,' said he, 'I have been to the mistress of the house, to tell her to make us some strong coffee. You must drink it to get rid of your exaltation before you think of going home. With that money it is a sacred duty to yourself to have your wits about you. You are known to be a winner to an enormous extent. Now, this is what you must do; send for a cabriolet when you feel quite well again, draw up all the windows when you get into it, and tell the driver to take you home; then you and your money will be safe. Tomorrow you will thank me for giving you honest advice.'

"Just as the ex-brave ended his oration in

lachrymose tones, the coffee came in, ready poured out in two cups. My attentive friend handed me one of the cups with a bow. I was parched with thirst, and drank it. Instantly I was seized with a fit of giddiness, and felt more intoxicated than ever. The room whirled around furiously. I was deafened by a violent singing in my ears; a feeling of utter bewilderment overcame me. I rose, holding onto the table and stammered out that I felt weak; I did not know how to get home.

" 'My friend,' answered the soldier, 'it would be madness to go home in your state; you would be sure to lose your money. I am going to sleep here; do you sleep here too; sleep off the effects of the wine, and go home with your winnings tomorrow.'

"I had but two ideas left; one, that I must never let go of my money; the other, that I must lie down immediately, and fall asleep. So I agreed to the proposal about the bed, and took the offered arm of the old soldier, carrying my money with my disengaged hand. Preceded by the croupier, we passed along some passages and up a flight of stairs into the bedroom which I was to occupy. The ex-brave proposed that we should breakfast together, and then, followed by the croupier, left me for the night.

"I ran to the wash-stand; drank some of the water in my jug; poured the rest out, and plunged my face into it; then sat down in a chair to compose myself. I soon felt better.

The giddiness left me, and I began to feel like a reasonable being. I had slept in worse places than this on my travels; so I determined to lock and barricade my door, and take my chance till morning.

"I secured myself against intrusion; pulled off my upper clothing, put my light, a dim candle, on the hearth, and got into bed, with the money under my pillow.

"I soon felt not only that I could not go to sleep, but that I could not even close my eyes. I was wide awake and in a high fever. Every one of my senses seemed to be preternaturally sharpened. I tossed and tried every kind of position, and sought out the cold corners of the bed; all to no purpose.

"What could I do? I had no book to read; unless I found some method of diverting my mind, I felt certain that I was in a condition to imagine all sorts of horrors.

"I raised myself on my elbow, looked about the room, which was brightened by moonlight through the window, to see if it contained any pictures that I could clearly distinguish. While my eyes wandered from wall to wall, a remembrance of Le Maistre's delightful little book, "Voyage autour de ma Chambre," occurred to me. I resolved to imitate the French author, and find amusement enough to relieve the tedium of my wakefulness, by making a mental inventory of the furniture, and by following up to their sources the multitude of as-

sociations which even a chair may be made to call forth.

"There was, first, the bed, a four-poster, of all things in the world to meet with in Paris—yes a clumsy British four-poster, with a top lined with chintz, the fringed valance all round, the stifling curtains, which I remembered having mechanically drawn back against the posts, when I came into the room. Then two small chairs, with my coat, waistcoat, and trousers flung on them. Then a large chair, with my cravat and shirt-collar thrown over the back. Then a dark old picture, which the feeble candle dimly showed me. It was the picture of a fellow in a high Spanish hat, crowned with a plume of towering feathers; a swarthy, sinister ruffian, looking upward—it might be at some tall gallows on which he was going to be hanged. Surely, he had the appearance of deserving it.

"The picture put a constraint on me to look upward too—at the top of the bed. It was a gloomy and not an interesting object, and I looked back at the picture. I counted the feathers in the man's hat—they stood out in relief—three white, two green. I observed the crown of his hat, which was of a conical shape. I wondered what he was looking up at. It couldn't be at the stars; such a desperado was neither astrologer nor astronomer. I counted the feathers again—three white, two green.

"While I still lingered over this intellectual employment, my thoughts insensibly began to

wander. The moonlight shining into the room reminded me of a certain moonlight night in England—the night after a picnic party. Of all the wonderful faculties that help to tell us we are immortal, which speaks the sublime truth more eloquently than memory? Here was I in a strange house of the most suspicious character, in a situation of peril, which might seem to make the cool exercise of my recollection almost out of the question; nevertheless, remembering, quite involuntarily, places, people, conversations, minute circumstances of every kind which I had thought forgotten; which I could not possibly have recalled at will, even under the most favorable auspices. And what cause had produced in a moment the whole of this strange, complicated, mysterious effect? Nothing but some rays of moonlight shining in my bedroom window.

"I was still thinking of the picnic, of the sentimental young lady who would quote Childe Harold because it was moonlight. I was absorbed by these past scenes, when, in an instant, the thread on which my memories hung snapped asunder; my attention immediately came back to things more vividly than ever, and I found myself looking hard at the picture again.

"Looking for what?

"Good God! the man had pulled his hat down on his brows! No! the hat itself was gone! Where was the conical crown? Where the feathers—three white, two green? Not

there! In place of the hat and feathers, what dusky object was it that now hid his forehead, his eyes?

"Was the bed moving?

"I turned on my back and looked up. Was I mad? drunk? dreaming? giddy again? or was the top of the bed really moving down,—sinking slowly, silently, horribly, right down through the whole of its length and breadth—right down on me?

"My blood stood still. A deadly paralysing coldness stole all over me as I turned my head round and determined to test whether the bedtop was really moving or not, by keeping my eye on the man in the picture.

The next look in that direction was enough. The black, frousy, outline of the valance was within an inch of being parallel with his waist. Steadily and slowly—very slowly—I saw the figure, and the frame below the figure, vanish.

"I looked up, motionless, speechless, breathless, the moonlight brightened the room. Down, down, without pausing and without sounding, came the bedtop; still my terror seemed to bind me faster to the mattress; down it sank, till the dust from the lining of the canopy came stealing into my nostrils.

"At that moment the instinct of self-preservation startled me out of my trance, and I moved. There was just room for me to roll myself sideways off the bed. As I dropped to the floor, the edge of the murderous canopy touched me on the shoulder.

"Without stopping to draw my breath, I rose on my knees to watch the bedtop.

"It descended; the whole canopy with its fringe came down, so close that there was not room now to squeeze my finger between the bedtop and the bed. I discovered that what had appeared to me from beneath to be the ordinary light canopy of a four-post bed was a thick, broad mattress, the substance of which was concealed by the valance and its fringe. I looked and saw the four posts rising hideously bare. In the middle of the bedtop was a huge wooden screw operated through a hole in the ceiling, just as ordinary presses are worked on the substance selected for compression. The apparatus moved without making the faintest noise. Amid an awful silence I beheld before me—in the closing days of the nineteenth century, and in the civilized capital of France—such a machine for secret murder by suffocation as might have existed in the reign of terror. Still, as I looked on it, I could not move; but I began to recover the power of thinking; I discovered in all its horror the murderous conspiracy framed against me.

"My cup of coffee had been too strongly drugged; I had been saved from suffocation by having taken an overdose of some narcotic. How recklessly I had confided myself to the two wretches who had led me into this room, determined, for the sake of my winnings, to kill me in my sleep.

"How many men, winners like me, had slept

in that bed, and had never been seen or heard of more! I shuddered.

"But ere long I saw the murderous canopy moving once more. After it had remained on the bed about ten minutes, it began to move up again. The villains who worked it from above evidently believed that their purpose was now accomplished. Slowly and silently, as it had descended, it rose toward its former place. Neither hole nor screw could be seen; the bed became in appearance an ordinary four-poster again.

"Now, for the first time, I was able to rise from my knees to consider how I should escape. If I betrayed that the attempt to suffocate me had failed, I was certain to be murdered. Had I made any noise already?

"No! no footsteps in the passage outside; no sound of a tread in the room above—absolute silence everywhere.

"My bedroom was on the first floor, above an entresol, and looked into the back street. I raised my hand to open the window, knowing that on that action hung, by the merest hair-breadth, my chance of safety. They keep vigilant watch in a house of murder. If any part of the frame cracked, if the hinge creaked, I was lost! It must have occupied me five minutes to open that window. I succeeded in doing it silently, with all the dexterity of a house-breaker; then I looked down into the street. To leap the distance beneath me would be almost certain destruction! Next, I looked

round at the sides of the house. Down the left side ran the thick water-pipe; it passed close by the outer edge of the window. When I saw the pipe I knew I was saved. I breathed freely for the first time since I had seen the canopy of the bed moving down upon me!

"I had always been accustomed by the practice of gymnastics, to keep up my school-boy powers as an expert climber, and I knew that my head, hands and feet would serve me in any hazards of ascent or descent. I had one leg over the window-sill, when I remembered the money under my pillow. I was determined that the miscreants of the gambling-house should miss their plunder as well as their victim. So I went back to the bed and tied the heavy handkerchief at my back by my cravat.

"I slid down into the street quietly, and immediately set off at full speed to a branch prefecture of police, which I knew was situated in the neighborhood. When I began my story breathlessly in very bad French, the sub-prefect suspected me of being a drunken Englishman who had robbed someone; but he altered his opinion as I went on; before I had anything like concluded, he put on his hat, supplied me with another, for I was bareheaded, ordered a file of soldiers, desired his expert followers to get ready all sorts of tools for breaking open doors, and took my arm, in the most friendly and familiar manner possible, to lead me with him out of the house.

"Away we went through the streets, the

sub-prefect cross-examining and congratulating me in the same breath, as we marched at the head of our posse. Sentinels were placed at the back and front of the house; tremendous knocks were directed against the door; a light appeared at a window; I was told to conceal myself behind the police; then came more knocks, and a cry of 'Open in the name of the law!' At that terrible summons bolts gave way, and the moment after the sub-prefect was in the passage, confronting a waiter half dressed and ghastly pale. This was the short dialogue which immediately took place:

"'We want to see the Englishman who is sleeping in this house.'

"'He went away hours ago.'

"'He did no such thing. His friend went away; he remained. Show us to his bedroom!'

"'I swear to you, Monsieur le Sous-prefet, he is not here! he—'

"'I swear to you, Monsieur le Garcon, he is. He slept here; he didn't find your bed comfortable; he came to us to complain of it; here he is among my men; and here am I ready to look for a flea or two in his bedstead.' Calling to one of the subordinates and pointing to the waiter, he said: 'collar that man, and tie his hands behind him. Now then, let us walk upstairs.'

"Every man and woman in the house was secured—the old soldier first. Then I identified the bed in which I had slept, and then we went into the room above.

"The sub-prefect stamped twice on the floor called for a candle, looked attentively at the spot he had stamped on, and ordered the flooring there to be taken up. Lights were produced, and we saw a deep raftered cavity between the floor of this room and the ceiling of the room beneath. Through this cavity there ran perpendicularly a sort of case of iron, thickly greased; and inside the case appeared the screw, which communicated with the bed-top below. Extra lengths of screw, freshly oiled; levers covered with felt; all the complete upper works of a heavy press—constructed with infernal ingenuity so as to join the fixtures below, and when taken to pieces again to go into the smallest possible compass —were next discovered and pulled out on the floor. The sub-prefect succeeded in putting the machinery together, and, leaving his men to work it, descended with me to the bedroom. The smothering canopy was then lowered.

"We left the house in the sole possession of two police agents, every one of the inmates being removed to prison. The subprefect, after taking down my statement in his office, returned with me to my hotel to get my passport.

" 'Do you think,' I asked as I gave it to him, 'that any men have really been murdered in that bed?'

" 'I have seen dozens of drowned men laid out at the morgue,' answered the subprefect, 'in whose pocketbooks were found letters stat-

ing that they had committed suicide because they had lost everything at the gaming-table. Do I know how many of those men entered the same gambling-house that you did? won as you won? took that bed and slept in it? were smothered in it? and were thrown into the river, with a letter of explanation written by the murderers and placed in their pockets? No man can say how many have suffered the fate from which you escaped. The people of the gambling-house kept their bedstead machinery a secret, even from the police! The dead kept the rest of the secret for them. Good-night, or rather good-morning.'

"The rest of my story is soon told. I was examined; the gambling-house was strictly searched; the prisoners were separately interrogated, and two of the less guilty among them made a confession. The old soldier was master of the gambling-house; he had been guilty of all sorts of villainies; the croupier, another accomplice, and the woman who had made my cup of coffee were all in the secret of the bedstead. The old soldier and his two head myrmidons went to prison, practically for life, the woman who had drugged my coffee was imprisoned for I forget how many years; the regular attendants at the gambling-house were considered suspicious, and placed under surveillance. I became for one whole week the lion in Parisian society. My adventure was dramatized, but never saw theatrical daylight; for the censorship forbade the intro-

duction on the stage of a correct copy of the gambling-house bedstead.

"The sight of a green cloth, with packs of cards and heaps of money on it, will henceforth be associated in my mind with the sight of a bed-canopy descending to suffocate me in the silence of the night."

We all voted the artist's story to be a real thriller; after congratulations were extended to him on his miraculous escape, the session adjourned.

CHAPTER XIII

NORTH OF IRELAND—"MORE YANKEES!"

It was late when the passengers retired. Next morning we were moored to the quay. The noise of freight hustling aroused all on board, and everybody exerted himself to go ashore and see Belfast.

Here was our first view of Ireland's famous jaunting car.

For a new experience, a jarvey was hailed; in a flash we were bouncing delightfully over the cobble stones and tram tracks of the city, with the Grand Central Hotel for our destination.

There was a shock ahead! Though born in Boston in the shadow of Bunker Hill monument, before the aristocratic Back Bay had existence, I had always taken pride in the strain of good old Irish blood in my veins; the fact is, my dear little mother was born within a few miles of Belfast—at Armagh.

Up we dashed to the portal of the tavern. The imposing hall-porter was on hand to lift us off and take care of the hand baggage. As I stepped forward in the direction of the desk to register, I had to pass what they call over there the table d'hote room—a dining room of vast dimensions.

It was breakfast time; on the threshold

stood his majesty, the head waiter; he was gossiping with a departing guest.

I had taken but one pace beyond the doorway in which the head waiter stood, when I heard this astonishing remark:

"More Yankees!"

Enough! I concluded to cut my stay in that well built, prosaic city of Ulster, which is famed far more for its practical industries than for romance or poetry.

Leaving Belfast, it was our intention to move on to Dublin, a city more typically Irish than the one we were quitting. As ancient Armagh, for sentimental reasons, had to be taken in, a friend advised us to go by train as far as Portadown, and from there travel on a low back car to our destination, a distance of ten miles.

Despite lack of trees to shade the roadway, beautiful foliage could be seen a short distance off; the little farms with their orchards and comfortable buildings were as trim as could be desired; they were mainly one-story cottages with long thatched roofs and shining windows. Perhaps owing to the intense heat, —it was high noon when we started from Portadown,—there were few pedestrians encountered on the way.

Our jarvey spoke with something akin to a Scotch twang; his answers to questions were direct, simple and to the point. He made no attempt at flattery, neither did he crack a joke,

or relieve the seriousness of his countenance with the mildest grin.

In the broiling sun, the car rolled up to the Beardsford Arms; the most pretentious inn at Armagh; we were glad to get within the shade of the darkened reception room of this house.

It was the hour for luncheon; table d'hote would not be served for several hours to come.

The diminutive hostelry was erected on the building line, close to the main street, which brought passers-by very near to the window at which we sat.

The Junior burst out laughing when a little burro, or Irish ass, introduced himself by projecting his head through the low open window, between the half shut blinds and gave his peculiar vocal salutation.

Just then the maid appeared and said if we'd go to the dining room, up stairs, we'd be served.

The table linen and "silver" were correct enough; but there was little to indicate luncheon for anybody.

Happening to glance out into the street, I beheld the one waiter of the establishment coming across from the delicatessen shop over the way, with his arms full of edibles.

Presently, cool and smooth as an icicle, the tall attendant, in waiter's full dress, entered to say innocently that a la carte, they had fried chicken, summer sausage, pickles, tea, or "anything you'd like to drink."

I, of course, knew he had chicken for hadn't I called Madam's attention to the leg of the fowl sticking out of the paper package as he came from the source of supply, beyond the gutter?

Chicken was our principal article of diet, to be sure; but weren't we hungry after our drive?

When the waiter retired with our order, the Junior struck his funny bone and shouted.

"Pop, why does a chicken cross the street?"

"Why?" I responded, as a willing victim.

"To get on the other side," said the Junior.

"Chestnuts," I said, "hereafter, ask why does a waiter cross the street?"

"Well, why, pop? I'll bite!" urged the youngster.

"Tut, boy; don't you know? To get the chicken, of course."

So we made the most of it, and went out for a stroll about town, while the serious jarvey fed himself and his weary beast.

We were pleased with our view of the city in the vicinity of the hotel, and when I thought it time to remount the car and drive in the direction of the magnificent new cathedral on top of the hill, I found my reticent jarvey in conversation with a tall, cadaverous citizen,—a native of Armagh.

It was a humorous sight, on that blistering day, to see these two so-called Scotch Irishmen dickering in the stable yard of the Beardsford Arms for the sale of the horse which had brought us so far.

Apparently the horse jockeys did not agree; when my patience was nearly exhausted, my man took his seat behind the faithful nag, and drove off.

On the way we were passing the postoffice, when our driver was hailed by the sombre, undertaker-looking horse dealer, who seemed to have abandoned the deal for this particular animal only a few moments before, but who now showed himself alive to the trade.

Our jarvey stopped; a long subdued talk followed on my time, with the result that a price was agreed upon. We were saved, however, by the stipulation in the contract that delivery would be made at Portadown on the morrow.

Aside from the sale of provender to the hotel by the little shop across the way, and the disposal of postal cards in shops near the postoffice, this was the only real business transacted within our view that day.

But it must be remembered the historic city of Armagh was once the metropolis of Ireland. It is in the "Book of Armagh" that the greatest information concerning St. Patrick is to be found. It may truthfully be said that there is no city so rich in historical associations, yet has so little to show for it—so little to tell today. Like many other places in Ireland, it passed through wars and sieges; it was plundered and almost destroyed. Some term Armagh the Jerusalem of the Emerald Isle, for it is a matter of marvel that a stone has been permitted to rest upon a stone.

The town of Armagh is surrounded by scenes of transcendent historic and ecclesiastical interest. On a lovely hillside is a holy spring where St. Patrick baptized his first converts. A little farther away is a large artificial mound, about eleven acres in extent, covered with aged hawthorn trees, where stood the royal palace of Ulster, and it was occupied for a century after the arrival of St. Patrick. Within the grounds of the Protestant archbishop are the remains of a Franciscan monastery and a well beside which St. Bridget lived for several years. Eastward of the town, upon the hills, was located the ancient Catholic University of Armagh founded by St. Patrick in the year 455, where as many as seven thousand students gathered for instruction in literature, the arts and theology.

The name of the city itself is composed of hard sounds; a thought or two is required by one unfamiliar with it before an attempt to spell it is made.

On the way back to town, I asked the driver how to spell the name of the place we had just left.

"Oh, that's easy, sir," he said.

"How do you spell it?" I repeated.

"A-ar-m-ag-ha" he answered briskly.

CHAPTER XIV

DUBLIN—WITTY STORIES

The horse show was on in all its glory when we reached Dublin, the capital of Ireland.

This exhibition held in August is the greatest event in Ireland; it draws from the entire kingdom, as well as from the Continent, thousands of horse breeders and owners, and fashionable people. It is admitted to be the most brilliant and important horse show in the world.

When we first beheld the place, we did not give unqualified endorsement to Thackeray's hyperbolical expression: "A handsomer town it is impossible to see on a summer's day"; still we were well impressed. The Liffey, said to be the filthiest river on the island, redolent of stale porter, first commanded our involuntary attention, while we stood outside the station, ignoring the importunate solicitations of the car men gathered around.

We had met the silent jarvey in the north of Ireland; now we were about to encounter another type—the kind one has read about all his life. Anent the jaunting car itself, it may be said, it is a cross between a side saddle and a sulky; when that has been said, the conveyance has been nicely described.

In respect to the origin of the "low back car," we found the jarvey had a good word to say for its inventor. As one of the many loquacious ones said:

"Sure, ain't it the only gig which permits passengers to see both ways at once!"

As to the man Bianconi, who designed it, a word may not be amiss. Naturally, from the name, imagination would paint him an Italian. Not so; like many things in the Emerald Isle, the contrary is the truth. He was an Irishman of the first water; a close, fast friend of the celebrated Daniel O'Connell, for whom, it is said, he showed his affection in many substantial ways.

The jaunting cars of Dublin are all that their name implies; nowhere did we find vehicles with so much "jaunt" as there.

It seemed no time at all before we were in front of the Shelbourne Hotel, opposite Stephan's Green, pleased to dismount.

The hotel was brilliantly illuminated. As we approached the entrance, in crossing the sidewalk, we had to find our way through a dense throng of shabbily dressed and poorly nourished denizens, who crowded around the hotel windows and doorway, to look upon the fascinating assemblage within.

The scene was a gay one to be sure. The rotunda was packed with ladies and gentlemen in faultless evening attire; the main stairway, leading to the parlor floor, was a vision of

gorgeousness, refinement and wealth. Every tread was crowded, all the way across, with animated guests whose laughter and talk suggested the freedom and happiness of friends at home receptions, when chairs became scarce and the carpeted flight had to be invoked to provide resting places for all.

The band played lively airs; but which of us can say whose pleasure was the greater, the impoverished crowd without, which could not come in; or the pampered, bejeweled, surfeited pleasure seekers, whose every wish seemed to be gratified, and who had no occasion to go out to consider the misery of the abject poor?

Dublin is divided into two equal parts by the Liffey. Granite quays extend three miles along both sides of the river which is spanned by nine substantial bridges. One of the finest harbors in the United Kingdom we found at the mouth of the Liffey—Dublin Bay.

Next day in our drive about town—we were becoming fond of the side car—we passed through O'Connell Street, years before renowned as Sackville, where the monument to Nelson, hero of Trafalgar, loomed up.

Farther on we encountered the colossal figure of Daniel O'Connell, the liberator.

Old St. Patrick's cathedral, lofty and cruciform, in a poor district of the city, interested us. Its history being obscure, it is supposed to have been built in 1190 on the site of an ancient church founded in 448, the time of the patron

saint. England confiscated it in 1546, and for a period of eighteen years used it as a law court. During Oliver Cromwell's invasion, it became a stable.

It was for Sir Benjamin Guinness, knighted because of the alleged excellent quality of his brew, to spend, in 1865, £700,000 in restoring the structure. To give the finishing touch, he erected a bronze statue of himself at the portal of the edifice.

Tablets, commemorating the dead, line the interior of the cathedral. Among the memorials is one for Dean Swift, who passed away in 1745. The Dean, notwithstanding his questionable morals, occupied the old pulpit which still stands near the entrance.

If ever there was a wit it was the same Dean Swift. About himself, he tells a good story. He was visiting one of the rural missions where his constituents were few. On the occasion referred to, the sexton of the missionary church was the sole attendant. Dean Swift addressed his congregation as "Dearly beloved Roger."

After a while the sexton became sleepy, and approaching the Dean, who was still talking, handed him the key and asked him to lock the door of the meeting house when he finished his remarks on the gospel.

A two-million-dollar custom house stands on the north bank of the river.

Porter and distilled liquors, which bring

mirth and misery to many a hearth, are important items of Dublin's trade.

One of the landmarks is the Four Courts Building. It was completed in 1800 at the cost of one million dollars. While looking the place over, one of the many barristers present, while in conversation with us, related a story of a jarvey who drove his tourist to the back part of the building first. The traveler expressed his disappointment at the plainness of the Four Courts, which he had been given to believe was so grand.

"Sure, your honor," said the jarvey, "this is the rear of it; the front's behind."

On our return to the Shelbourne, in reviewing the experiences of the day, we duly resolved that dear old Dublin was a good place to visit, and if the roads leading to it were proverbially rocky, they were smooth enough after one arrived.

In the comfortable lounge on the eve of our departure for the beautiful Lakes of Killarney, I met two Americans; one an automobile salesman from Massachusetts; the other a tourist from New York. Stories were told as we smoked and sipped coffee. I recall a few of the skits submitted during the session. The gentleman from Boston spun a typical Yankee yarn with excellent dialect; he quoted a native of a New England farming district:

"Reckon that air scales of yourn is an ambush scales, ain't it?" said the countryman to

his grocer, as he took the sugar and handed over the money.

"Ambush scales, what do you mean?" replied the merchant; "who's Ambush?"

"Ambush—why, y'know—reg'lar Ambush—y'understand what 'Ambush' means, don't ye?"

"Well, I should hope so; Ambush means hid—means somethin' concealed—means—wait, here's the dictionary; I'll just read to yer exactly what it means, so's't you needn't never use it wrong after this—here 'tis: A-am-ambush—to lie in wait for—"

"Yes, that's it, Squire; don't go no further—to lie in weight for two cents."

"May I tell one about my little daughter?" asked the Gothamite; and, proud-father like, without awaiting permission, sailed in:

"Frances," said my wife, who was entertaining visitors, "you came downstairs so noisily that you could be heard all over the house. Now, go back and come downstairs properly."

Frances retired, and in a few moments reentered the parlor.

"Did you hear me come down that time, mamma?"

"No, my dear; that time you came down like a lady."

"Yes, mamma," explained the child. "I slid down the bannisters all the way."

Conversation became quite general in the room after the recital of the first story, and an

Irishman of fine physique and cultured bearing, laid down his paper and pipe with a smile.

"That was a rather good one about the Englishman and the Highlander, which I've recently heard," said he.

"Which one?" I inquired.

"Oh, a Londoner and a Scotchman happened to be lunching together; the latter, true to his natural habit, kept turning round to see that his hat and coat remained on the peg where he had left them.

" 'You are a suspicious chap,' said his friend from London at last: 'Who do you think is going to walk in and steal our coats?'

" 'Can't say,' replied the Scotchman; 'but I'll take good care that nobody gets mine! Your's went ten minutes ago.' "

Then chimed in the traveler from the Hub of the Universe:

" 'How much is seven times seven?' a boy was overheard saying to his pet rabbit,"

"There was no response.

" 'How much is four times four?'

"Still no response.

" 'Now, here's an easy one: How much is two times two?'

"Still the rabbit refused to answer.

" 'Well,' snapped the boy, 'I knew that father was fibbing when he said rabbits were the greatest multipliers on earth.' "

The quiet, precise Scotchman, sitting some

distance from the centre, could remain silent no longer.

"Ye'll have yer fling at the Scotch," said he pleasantly; "but here's one story that will outdo some ithers we've heard. A minister in Glasgow, not long ago, on meeting a little boy asked him if he had got his porridge.

"'Ay,' promptly replied the urchin.

"'And did you ask a blessing before you took it?'

"'No, me!'

"'What, not ask a blessing! Were you not afraid the porridge would choke you?'

"'Deed no; mon, it was so thin that it cudna choke anybody.'"

Everybody laughed when the Scotchman, who had come in so unexpectedly, finished, and he was urged to tell another.

"Very well," said he, "if you mist; here goes: An old wife asked of her neighbor, who had just returned from a visit to the Fair: 'What news frae Perth, Saunders?'

"'Nae news, Elspit; but the bodies of Perth are a' unco glad that Bailie Wright is on to be Provost.'

"'What is he, this Bailie Wright, that they're a' sae well pleased wi'?'

"'Oh, he's a brewer and a great friend of the people.'

"'Ay!' rejoined Elspit, 'a brewer, and a friend of the people too. Our Jamie Mackie that's dead near thirty years syne, was a

brewer and one of the friends of the people; if Provost Wright be as gude to the folks o' Perth as Jamie Mackie was to the folk o' Coupar Angus, they'll hae nae reason to rue their choice.'

" 'What friendly thing did Jamie Mackie do for the folk o' Coupar, Elspit?'

" 'Peace be wi' him, honest man; he selt his ale for a penny, when ither folk took three bawbees for't.' "

Somebody looked at the Boston salesman, and he felt called upon to respond with this:

"An affluent business man was recovering from an attack of typhoid. His nurse told him he might have something to eat. Mental pictures of a modest repast—an egg, some toast and maybe some custard—occupied the patient's mind, only to be rudely dispelled, as the nurse appeared with a spoonful of tapioca pudding.

" 'And the doctor emphasizes that everything you do must be in the same proportion,' she said.

"Shortly a frantic ringing of the bell again brought the nurse to the room.

" 'Nurse,' gasped the man, 'fetch me a postage stamp. I want to do some reading a la the doctor's diet!' "

Thus endeth the chapter.

CHAPTER XV.

KILLARNEY'S LAKES—A SPURNED TIP

The clouds were lowering and rain threatened through the humid atmosphere as we jaunted from the Shelbourne to the railway station that Monday morning, with our minds bent on Killarney and its famous lakes. It was not a gay scene which presented itself as we worked our way through the crowd towards the train which was to carry us forward.

Here and there were groups of soldiers in bright red coats and nondescript trousers, belts, cross belts and shimmering buckles. But why these weeping, poverty stricken women close by? Who were the illy clad men who struggled in the women's arms? Merely a regular daily tragedy. The ununiformed boys —they were nothing more—were raw recruits who had taken the shilling and were about to go from their friends and companions in poverty, induced by the English government, to fight in some distant colony.

The lamentations of the women were heart rending; but the gaily uniformed guards looked on unaffected.

In England and Scotland, I never had trouble, through the ever ready medium of a shilling, or a six-pence, to get an uncrowded com-

partment. I presumed the same talisman would be potential on this occasion. As no trains were operated on Sunday, the volume of travel was the greater on Monday. To my regret this train was crowded beyond any experience of mine.

I looked about for a guard, but none was in sight; the only official I could see was a giant in a blue uniform, bespangled with gold lace.

"He's worth a crown, sure," thought I, sizing him up.

"Who's that functionary?" I whispered to a traveler at my elbow.

"Oh, don't you know?" came the reply. "That's the station mawster."

I approached the formidable official.

"My wife and boy are with me, and we can't push into any of these compartments and keep together; can you find us no accommodations?" I asked.

I had the biggest silver cart wheel known to England's currency in my hand; insinuatingly I pushed it his way.

Imagine my surprise, he wouldn't see it at first; but when I intruded the coin so conspicuously that he had to take notice, he flushed a little and said:

"Sir, you're an American, are you not?"

"That's right," I responded.

"Well, I think too much of you and the grand country from which you come, to accept a price; but the best at my command is yours; come with me."

We followed him past all the densely loaded cars to the so-called Royal coach, nicely upholstered in leather, which is generally unoccupied. Opening the door himself, he bade us enter with the smiling valedictory that he trusted we'd enjoy the Lakes of Killarney.

When alone, I glanced at Madam; she looked back at me with an amazed smile.

It was the first time in our travels anywhere that a tip had been refused—and so gracefully.

The day grew brighter. On arrival at Killarney we were driven to the hotel recommended in Dublin as being the very best.

We found it inviting, scrupulously clean and strictly Irish. Why? The proprietor was a thoroughbred German and all the waiters and other attendants Austrians—save the hall porter who was Irish through and through.

At dinner we tried the famous Kerry double thick mutton chops and mint sauce.

They were par excellent and quite up to their reputation.

In the evening there were music and dancing in the rotunda, and everybody was urged to join by the smiling housekeeper, a lady whose Blarney would inspire the heaviest feet to activity.

Arrangements were made with the hall porter for a private side car to start early next morning for the Gap of Dunloe.

All were up betimes and started on schedule. The vehicle was heavier than those to which

we were accustomed in other parts of the island—it had the shape, but lacked the sprightliness.

As we moved along by Lord Kenmare's beautiful estate, I commented to Madam on the poor time we were making.

To start something I shouted:

"Jarvey! Can't you spur that animal?"

"Oh, yes sorr!"

Five minutes elapsed with no result.

"I say, jarvey, can't you give your steed some pepper? we're not covering the ground fast enough."

At this, the driver turned squarely around, and looked me in the eye, remarking:

"Sorr, don't you know that horse would remind you of an Irish game cock."

"Why; how so?" I asked.

"Sure, sorr, he'd ruther die than run."

How could we help laughing at this spontaneous burst of native wit.

To encourage more of it, I asked:

"How far is it up to Kate Kearney's Cottage?"

"About three miles, sorr."

"English miles or Irish miles?"

"Oh, in Ireland, sorr, it's Irish miles."

"What's an Irish mile?"

"Sure, sorr, an Irish mile is a mile and a bit; and the bit's as big as a mile."

As a bank of clouds was overhanging the

sky, I inquired if we would have a good day for seeing the Gap?

"No doubt," he responded readily, "it'll be a very foine day, sorr; barring the rain."

As we ascended, Madam referred to the jarvey's answer about the Irish miles, and aptly quoted in my ear:

"The miles in this country much longer be,
But that's the saving of time you see,
For two of our miles are equal to three
Which shortens the road in a great degree."

At last we arrived at Kate Kearney's Cottage, the identical place where the original Kate lived, when Lady Moran rhymed:

"Oh, did ye never hear of Kate Kearney?
She lives by the Lakes of Killarney."

We were told at the hotel that ponies had been reserved for us at the cottage by telegraph the night before, and all would be in readiness on our arrival.

The witty jarvey intimated on the way up that he was sitting on our telegram, and if we wanted better terms for the ponies he could negotiate in our behalf.

"Oh, no," I said, "everything is arranged; we'll not make new terms."

But sure enough, when we drove up to the cabin door, I saw him pull out a tight envelope from under his wool sack and hand it to the head of the establishment.

The packet was no sooner opened than the three ponies were forthcoming.

The Madam, a trained equestrienne, mounted with an easy grace; the supple boy had no trouble in finding his place on the animal's back; but when it came to the turn of pater familias, there was a snicker muffled by the hands of the idle inhabitants standing round. This was unpardonable, because after only a few false motions, I was in the saddle; but somehow I didn't fit very well; then again, sympathy for the animal prompted me to stand in the stirrups to relieve the burden on his back.

Even at that, if I bounced a little, it must be remembered I had never been a trooper in the cavalry.

Ah, but it's here, when the tourist has mounted his pony, to start through the Gap, that Kate's daughters and all her many granddaughters invite him to take a swig of "poteen," "a sup of goat's milk," "a little mountain dew," all from the same black bottle.

My indifference to their wares brought new suggestions.

"Ah, sorr; what a fine lady she is, sorr. Born to the saddle, sorr; and the b'y, God bless the lad, how well he rides."

They were too shrewd to comment on my excellent horsemanship, but thought to flatter me by encomiums showered on my companions.

A good road winds up the valley, and crosses the stream by bridges in two places.

Before going over these bridges we met a blind fiddler and his wife, who sought a penny for enlivening the desolate and weird surroundings.

Ole Bull, the renowned violinist, when traveling through Ireland, asked one of the roadside musicians:

"Do you play by note?"

"Sorra a note, sorr."

"Do you play by ear?"

"Never an ear, yer honor."

"How do you play, then?"

"By main stren'th, sorr."

The Gap is a strangely wild gorge, about four miles long between the Purple Mountain and the Magillicuddy Reefs.

The narrowness of the defile, combined with the rugged cliffs, a thousand feet high on either side, gives it a sombre, awe-inspiring appearance. The pike is the spot where the road runs between two bowlders, like a gateway.

In one of these pools St. Patrick is said to have banished the last serpent. One legend avers that the serpent is locked in an iron chest and sunk at the bottom.

The traveler does not ascend very far before he is met by a swarm of trumpeters who ask if he wishes the echoes awakened.

If no special interest is manifested, in dispair they will assure him:

"The echo, sorr, is the very finest scenery in the Gap of Dunloe."

Presently cannon after cannon and bugle after bugle echo in a truly wonderful manner; as a grand finale, the heroes clamor to be paid for the waste of wind and powder.

Then comes a swarm of poor barefooted boys and girls, who run along the side of the ponies, to entreat, at the top of their voices:

"Somethin' to buy a book; somethin' to buy a book!"

They are a thousand times grateful for what they receive. One's heart goes out to them, but do not be surprised if sympathy is dispelled when you are told by some knowing one:

"For twenty years I've seen these same lads and lassies running along this bit of road; and sure, sir, if they bought books with all the pennies they collected, anyone of them would have the biggest library in Ireland."

From the top of the Gap one looks down on the gloomy Black Valley. The clouds are said never to rise from the desolate place and the whole surrounding country always looks melancholy and deserted.

The Three Lakes are eleven miles long and two miles wide. They abound in salmon.

The jolly boatmen bend to the oars and at the same time point out the beauties of the surroundings, which are easily seen without assistance.

When Eagle Nest Mountain rises like a pyramid in the distance, you are told by the

boatmen to "hold your whist" and listen to the echo.

One of them yells out:

"Paddy Burke, were you out last night, sorr?"

And the echo resounds:

"Out last night, sorr; out last night, sorr."

The boat approaches Old Weir Bridge and the placid waters gather themselves into a narrow channel and plunge turbulently through one of the arches; it is seized by the current and shot through the arch with such velocity that when the passengers recover breath they seem to feel that they have dropped from the clouds.

But this sudden splash brings them in the Middle Lake near the "Meeting of the Waters."

Thackeray in his "Irish Sketch Book" describing Middle Lake, says:

"When there, we agreed it was more beautiful than the larger lake, of which it is not one-fourth the size; then when we came back, we said: 'No, the larger lake is the most beautiful'; and so at every point we stopped we determined that particular spot was the prettiest in the entire lake."

The boatman feathers his oars with the same measured stroke, bids the passengers not to mind a little moisture, for it is only McGilcuddy's perspiration, and adds: "Sure, it always rains in Killarney, for how would it otherwise remain green?"

The Emerald Isle is properly termed from its almost perpetual hue and the freshness of its verdure.

Passing under Brickeen Bridge we come into the lower lake. The bridge is remarkable for nothing save perhaps its name, the origin of which seems to be unknown.

It may be that it was so-called from the fact that in its construction numberless small clay bricks intersperse the large rocks.

The five acres of water surface of the Lower Lake are dotted with thirty small islands rivaling in beauty fair Avalon, the abode of fairies. This archipelago has for its largest island Innisfallon, twenty-one acres in area.

The grand descriptive powers and poetic fancy of Tom Moore failed to do justice to the picture presented by this island. In the words of that sweet singer, let us say:

> "Sweet Innisfallon, fare thee well,
> May calm and sunshine long be thine;
> How fair thou art let others tell."

Ross Castle is a noble ruin. It was the seat of the O'Donaghues five hundred years ago.

In this connection there is a legend that every seven years one of the chiefs is seen driving his milk-white steeds over the lake at sunrise; his castle is restored and refurnished by enchantment the moment the sun appears above the horizon.

This castle was the last stronghold in Ireland to withstand the incursions of Oliver Cromwell and his vandal followers.

Muckross Abbey is found on a charming promontory near the shore of the Middle Lake.

> "Gaze on the Abbey's ruined pile;
> Does not the succoring ivy, keeping
> Her watch around it, seem to smile
> As o'er a loved one sleeping?"

The Abbey was built by the Franciscans on the site of an ancient church, half a century before the discovery of America.

The Monastery of St. Finian in Innisfallon, near by, dates back to the fifth century, almost coeval with the conversion of the Irish people to Christianity by St. Patrick.

After the lake trip, we returned to the hotel. Hunger is invariably a result of the excursion.

Of the hall porter, I inquired:

"How soon will supper be served?"

"Ah, immediately, sorr!"

"Can't we have it sooner than that?"

"Sure, sorr; if you wish it."

And strange to say, we got it sooner than it was expected.

CHAPTER XVI

CHESTER—LEAMINGTON—BARD OF AVON

On our return to Dublin, arrangements were made to go back to England by way of Wales. The daylight sail to Holyhead was interesting and pleasant. The steamship "Scotia," which we boarded at North Wall dock, was not overcrowded; the passengers represented nearly every English-speaking country. The party of men seated along the rail, as I came on deck, were swapping stories; I could not resist the temptation to join. It was a comfortable shady spot; the men were all smoking and laughing at a quip the Scotchman had uttered.

"You didn't hear that," said one of the party addressing me, "it was quite good, you know." Under his breath he briefed the story for my benefit. As I remember it, it ran something like this:

A doctor was summoned, and on arriving at the sick man's bed, said to the patient's wife:

"Your husband is in the last throes. Every movement shows that the end is nearing."

At this moment, the sick man's head fell over on the pillow, when the doctor said:

"The end has come, your husband is dead."

In a shrill, thin voice the sick man exclaimed:

"'Tain't so, Mary!"

At once the wife laid her hand on his head to remark:

"Don't disturb yourself, Robert—the physician knows best."

"Wasn't she the cute maid!" ejaculated the traveling salesman. "I mean the one I heard of in New York:

" 'Did you mail my letter, Hortense?' asked her mistress. 'It was an important one, you know.'

" 'Yes, mum, indeed I did.'

" 'But why have you brought back the two cents I gave you for the stamp?'

"Sure, I didn't have to use it, mum'; replied the maid. 'I slipped the letter into the box whin nobody was looking!' "

Holyhead is on the island of Anglesey, connected by bridges with the main land. A swift train rushed us in the direction of England, skirting the north end of Wales, along the coast of the Irish Sea.

The walled city of Chester was our destination, and of all places in civilization, this one is unique; more, it is quaint and fantastic. It abounds in towers, crypts and Roman remains. It is the base for pleasant excursions up and down the River Dee, and over the beautiful roads.

Chester probably retains more nearly than any other city the regular arrangement of its streets, resembling those of a Roman camp, from which it derives its name. No other English city has so well preserved its ancient de-

fenses, which, although not now of the slightest use for their intended purpose, form pleasant promenades two miles in extent.

At the Grosvenor, the only hotel in Chester, while at dinner, we met one of the "Scotia's" passengers who had taken part in the story telling on the way from Dublin to Holyhead.

"On the boat I forgot to tell a story I heard in Ireland," he said. "It's about an Englishman who was holding a combat of wit with a beggar woman at the door of the tavern.

" 'There's a clever gentleman,' said the beggar woman; 'sure, he'll give me something?'

" 'How much should you like,' asked the Englishman, playfully.

" 'Musha,' said she, 'many a littler man, nor you, has given me a shilling.' "

Smiling at the story, and looking across the table at Madam, the pretty American school teacher, spending her vacation in European travel, edged in this:

" 'Couldn't you board my chauffeur during the summer?' asked the city visitor of the country landlady. 'Perhaps I ought to explain that he is a negro.'

" 'Well,' said the landlady reflectively, 'I hain't never took colored folks yit, but I dunno —I suppose on account of the death of my brother Tom, last spring, a few black boarders would be 'propriate!' "

Having spent several days in Chester, we longed for Leamington, the prettiest and most fashionable watering place in the Kingdom.

We had scarcely arrived before we were convinced this spa was the most restful of places. The cosy Hotel Regent tempted us to linger longer than was our custom in any one spot.

To us the "Pump" was novel. We found it a large building in which any kind of a bath could be taken, there being three kinds of water available—sulphurous, saline and chalybeate.

After a Turkish bath, visitors find rest and ease in a large lounging room, the walls of which are lined with books.

Within this delightful part of England, we found a trolley tram could carry us in a few minutes to Warwick and Kenilworth, and it was but a short run by train to classic Stratford-on-Avon, Shapespeare's birthplace.

When we saw the house in which the revered poet was born, fronting tight upon the street, after a calm scrutiny, we felt disappointment. So frequently have the walls been restored, little is left of the original material; the site is far from ideal, being devoid of shrubbery and trees. The room in which the great dramatist first beheld the light, is low and uninviting. Who could imagine Shakespeare as a child in such an environment?

One of judgment cannot enthuse over the portrait exhibited there; but then, some one asks: "Can any picture do justice to the universal ideal of this sublime interpreter of humanity?"

The visitor gets an impression that the Bard of Avon, and the place of his birth, owe much to America.

The conspicuous memorial fountain, in the public market place, was presented to the town in 1887 by a philanthrophist, the late George W. Childs, of Philadelphia.

Another evidence of our admiration is Memorial Theatre, which combines an auditorium, library and museum forever dedicated to Shakespeare. In the collection on exhibition, there are photographs of as many American actors and actresses, who interpreted Shakespeare's plays, in their time, as there are counterfeit presentiments of representatives of the English stage. Mary Anderson played Rosalind there; today she is a director of the institution.

The unexpected but evident indifference of the English mind to Shakespeare was given peculiar emphasis on our arrival.

At the hotel, I brushed up for dinner more quickly than the rest of the family, and descended to the rotunda,—that's what the office is called regardless of its shape. I looked 'round to discover the only seat warmer—an Englishman apparently in deep meditation.

Living up to the Americans' reputation, over there, for push, I saluted the stranger with:

"Good evening!"

"By jove, good evening, sir!" he said arousing himself.

"Nice town is Stratford-on-Avon."

"It does very well, you know."

"We've come a long distance to pay homage to the immortal bard—he's certainly well remembered here, I find."

"Oh, you mean Shakespeare, don't you now? Ah! you Americans, so queer, so queer; don't you know to me Shakespeare is quite a b-o-a-h!"

Well, that was one to relate to the family at our excellent meal. There were other evidences in this hallowed place that the natives are willing to permit their cousins from across the Atlantic to swing the censer alone, both ways, to the very limit, in front of the shrine of this immortal whom the world esteems.

We were settling down at Leamington for the quiet life, and were in no hurry to move on.

One evening in the hotel lounge, over coffee, Madam and I were having visions of spending the rest of our natural lives in this charming environment, when the Junior, who had the sporting page of a newspaper spread out in front of him, looked up to exclaim:

"The regatta on the Thames tomorrow afternoon, Pop! can't we take it in?"

In our itinerary, Oxford was to be visited. Could we afford to pass this famous seat of learning without a glimpse? What could we do in view of the Junior's clamor?

A boat race surely would be the liveliest sport in England, aside from the ponies, if there were any in motion.

"What regatta?" I asked with an assumed frown, because I had been disturbed in complacent thoughts of rest.

"Regatta!" exclaimed the boy with promptitude, "don't you know, Pop, that Cambridge and Harvard are going to row from Putney to Mortlake? 'tis young America against blooming old England on British water. Can't we see it, and we here on the spot. Think of the fans in Boston and Chicago; they're waiting with bated breath for every word on the subject. Here we are within hailing distance of the great event. Why not on to London where the work is to be done? 'rah for Harvard!"

Madam's eyes gleamed as a result of the ardent speech of her hopeful and indicated my course.

It meant the first train for London in the morning!

CHAPTER XVII

THE CAMBRIDGE-HARVARD BOAT RACE

And so it happened, we cut out the ancient institution, Oxford, and sped on to the metropolis.

Noon found us in the suite at the hotel which we had occupied before departing for Scotland and Ireland.

But what was that stack of neat wicker hampers piled from floor to ceiling? It was not there before we left.

What we abandoned was a heap of soiled linen, with instructions to have it laundered.

The wand that touched that pile of travel stained goods must have been magic, for the same material was now contained in all these covered wicker baskets; each one was not full by any means, for in some instances the cubic contents of a whole hamper was devoted to a single edition of Madam's nicely starched shirt-waists. The immaculate wearing apparel, a refreshing sight, contributed to the immediate comfort of our party. Having access to trunks once more, we all appeared at luncheon in fresh attire and ready for any lark the youngest member might suggest.

Boniface informed us that the best point from which to view the boat race would be

Hammersmith Bridge, which is about half way between Putney, the start, and Mortlake, the finish, a distance of four and a quarter miles. The boat in the lead coming under Hammersmith Bridge, I was assured, could be counted on as the winner of the contest.

When we went out on the street, the sun being just past meridian, there could be no doubt a great event was at hand.

Every one of the seven million inhabitants of London had the race on his mind, and if he was not heading for the scene of the sport, he was at least talking about it.

The Cambridge colors—blue and maize—were in evidence everywhere; but the crimson pennant of Harvard was not on the market. We had a reminder of Harvard's hue, however, in Junior's necktie, which was crimson through and through.

All kinds of vehicles, jammed by throngs on the way to the great river's side, anywhere along the course, were hurrying to the scene.

We were fortunate in finding places on a tram moving towards Hammersmith.

In regulating traffic, America, and all the world, ought to take off their hats to London. A 'bus or a street car is known to seat a certain number of passengers. When that limit is reached, neither love nor money can secure for anyone standing room on board.

We alighted at one end of the bridge and were soon merely a trio in the midst of four

million people stretched along the Thames banks, on either side, further than the eye could see.

The crowd at the World's Columbian Exposition, on Chicago Day, in 1893, was too large for my mind to grasp; but this great well-behaved throng of sport loving citizens impressed me keenly with the insignificance of one biped creature in the presence of the rest of the human family.

The race course was lined with scows and boats of various descriptions. By the payment of a shilling a head to the enterprising manager one could get a good view of the assemblage of people, and the surface of the water from bank to bank and away under the bridge.

The boat on which I secured places had the additional attraction of a three-piece band.

While awaiting the appearance of the racers, we were entertained with ancient airs; and even rag time was attempted. At this period that style of music had not taken a very strong hold on the English.

The only Americans in our boat party, aside from ourselves, was a Harvard man from New York and his charming young wife.

The chances of the Harvard crew to win were discussed; our temperament was optimistic.

But little encouragement did we get from those of British affiliations, in our vicinity, who overheard the conversation.

She was a dear old English lady who turned to me with the confident remark:

"Why, my dear sir, shouldn't Cambridge win today, and always? Do you not realize that the boys at the oars in the test are the sons and grandsons of men who trained for this work for many generations back?"

A prolonged murmur arose from the mass of humanity—in sight everywhere the eye might wander; this increased to a tremendous yell as the punts—the crews straining every muscle—dashed under Hammersmith Bridge. The shouts increased; the ordinarily staid Britons frantically waving their Cambridge pennants and colored handkerchiefs, as they foresaw victory for their men.

To encourage the Americans in, at best, a weakly way, Madam snatched Junior's necktie from around his white collar and waved it aloft, much to the amusement of the friends of the English crew.

The Harvard man's little wife was in tears as the two boats emerged from under the bridge and darted forward—Cambridge a length and a half ahead.

As prophesied by Boniface, Cambridge passing under Hammersmith Bridge first, finished several lengths in front; the tradition still holds good.

When the hubbub of applause to which the dense partisan throng gave utterance on assurance that Cambridge was winner had sub-

sided to some extent, our thoughts turned to the hotel and how ever we were to get there.

The crowds on land and the people on the barges, with one impulse started to move as soon as the punts and their crews disappeared in the distance.

The congestion was, of course, greater because of the spontaneous movement; it had taken hours for the gathering to get together; it must be dispersed at once.

'Busses or trams were out of the question, as they were filled to their lawful capacity as soon as placed in position and became available.

In the midst of hundreds of hansom cabs and four wheelers, towering on his seat above the heads of the surging populace, I saw an aged Jehu, whip in hand, beckoning to me, trying to get my attention. The other rigs were filled rapidly, so I deemed this my best chance of getting to the hotel in proper season.

In spite of the occasion, and the demand for transportation, the ancient cabman made no attempt at extortion; the price he quoted in shillings would be considered ridiculously low in any metropolis.

Entering the conveyance, soon we were stealing our way through the dense mass of pedestrians who considered it hopeless to seek any kind of wheeled assistance. The distance back to the Strand was about twelve miles.

When we had traversed nearly half the way

the cab stopped suddenly. A voice from above inquired:

"I say, sir; do you mind if I give me 'orse a blow?"

We looked up instinctively startled. Recovering speech, I replied to the effect that it was his horse to do with as he pleased—to give him a blow, or two, provided he kept within the law and landed us at the hotel safely.

"What big building is that?" I inquired pointing at a huge brown structure, surrounded by a beautiful park, in front of which the pause had been made.

"Buck-in-'am Palace, sir."

"Do they always have a crowd in front of the fence?" I asked, referring to a throng outside the iron palings, in an attitude of expectancy, awaiting some event.

"Oh," exclaimed Madam, looking in the direction of the old cabman's voice; his face could not be seen, "is this not the day on which the King returns from Germany?"

"'Tis, me lady," responded the voice, "and he's due about this time."

While the horse was indulging his rest, which never before had I heard termed a "blow," I prompted the Junior to alight and ask the imposing Bobby, who, with a file of red jackets, was doing guard duty along the walks, what time his Majesty would appear?

We were close to the curb and could see what happened. Much to the surprise of

Madam and myself, the dignified policeman's serious face relaxed into a broad smile, as the little fellow made bold to put his question.

Placing his broad hand lightly on the boy's shoulder, he said:

"The King will be here in about ten minutes. You see that crowd at this near gate; well they'll be disappointed, for when our sovereign arrives, 'twill be by that far portal."

Junior thanked the Bobby for his kind attention and information; he lost no time in coming back to us.

When he imparted his "scoop" I ordered the cab driver over to the gate indicated by the policeman; it was truly an advantageous position.

We had hardly taken our place, when a fine equippage—four stunning black horses and an open carriage—came into view; it dashed through the open, but guarded gateway.

There were two occupants. The one with the black derby — they call them "Bowlers" in England—dark garb and stiff grey beard, was none other than King Edward VII; the lean gentleman in Prince Albert coat, his head surmounted by a silk tile, was his personal secretary.

As he passed, the King raised his hat in salute; I raised mine, and we both smiled.

The crowd along the fence evidently shared in Edward's greeting or thought they did, for it broke out in a prolonged lusty cheer.

In a flash the King disappeared around the corner of the building and the spectators dispersed.

The English are a loyal race; the old cabman, in his own clever way, wanted to witness his ruler's return; he decided that in front of Buckingham Palace would be an ideal place to "blow" his animal.

When we reached the hotel, the clerk, a lady, marvelled at our good fortune in seeing the nation's ruler; she assured us she had stood in that crowd for three hours, and, disappointed, had left the palace fence just too soon. No one could doubt the genuineness of her regret.

In the hotel that night Boniface was as usual, extremely genial. Several of his friends, all clever gentlemen, were present. Cigars were introduced; to promote conversation, some cold soda mingled with a stimulating liquid was called into requisition.

"A school teacher," said the tall Englishman, as he emitted a voluminous puff of smoke and seemed to receive inspiration from it, "had given a lesson in an infants' class on the ten commandments. In order to test their memories, she asked:

" 'Can any little child give me a commandment with only four words in it?'

"A hand was raised immediately.

" 'Well?' said the teacher.

" 'Keep off the grass,' was the reply."

A story by the short British subject who was one of the circle, sounded a little bit familiar; but, for the life of me, I couldn't place it.

A youth who insisted on whispering loudly to the young woman accompanying him to a concert, telling her what the music meant, what sort of a passage was coming next, and so forth, caused great annoyance to his immediate neighbors. Presently he closed his eyes and said to his companion:

"Did you ever try listening to music with your eyes shut? You've no idea how lovely it sounds!"

A man who sat in front of him twisted around, saying gravely:

"Young man, did you ever try listening to music with your mouth shut?"

A physician in the company, who had been an attentive listener, was reminded:

"Outside it was blowing hard," he said, "and the teacher considered it her duty to warn her pupils.

" 'Boys and girls should be very careful to avoid colds at this time,' she said solemnly 'I had a darling little brother only seven years old. One day he went out in the snow with his new sled and caught cold. Pneumonia set in and in three days he was dead.'

"A hush fell upon the school room; then a youngster in the back row stood up and asked:

"Where's his sled?' "

I was prompted to chip in and recall a story which subtly illustrates the opinion some have of a certain alleged characteristic of the Scotch.

"Two sports down in Kentucky," I said, "were witnessing a spirited horse race. Interest was keen as the ponies turned on the home stretch, two leaders coming on neck and neck. As they dashed up to the wire both were nose and nose.

"Just before the bell sounded, one of the horses stuck out his tongue and was declared winner by the judges.

" 'Well, well!' exclaimed one of the sports, 'did you ever see such a close race?'

" 'Oh, sure,' replied the other; 'I lived two years among the Scotch in Edinburgh.' "

The English, I discovered, always enjoy a joke at the expense of their northern neighbors. This story was received with demonstrative glee. Someone suggested "just one more," and adjournment was taken sine die.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE BANK—AN OLD STORY

The following day was ideal and suggested an early start to make up for the sights missed on the previous visit.

We turned our steps in the direction of Fleet Street with the ultimate intention of going to see the Royal Exchange and the Bank of England.

As a child, Madam, with her parents, had visited London; while there they lived in the Inns of Court Hotel. She could not leave London without revisiting the hospitable establishment so clearly fixed in her memory.

Our endeavor to find the famous inn from Fleet Street, for a time did not seem promising; the assurance of the polite "Bobby" that it was "just 'round in 'igh 'olborn" gave us courage; it did not remove the difficulty. As a last resort, a slowly moving messenger boy, carrying a milliner's box as big as himself, was accosted:

"The Inns of Court, sonny, can you tell me where it is?" I asked.

Promptly the lad responded:

"Keep right on, sir; yer hall right; go right along, sir, and ye'll find hit up there knocking about at the top of the 'ill."

When we found the hotel, it was certainly massive, staid and dignified; but not hilariously knocking about.

The promise of the manager of Parr's Bank, was recalled. We decided to report our readiness to visit Old Lady of Threadneedle Street.

The scene of this crowded and bustling part of London from the top of a 'bus was enjoyable; we could not refrain from marvelling at the dexterity of the drivers and agility of pedestrians darting in every direction.

Manager Shand, though in the midst of plug-hatted brokers, transacting business swiftly, as was his wont every morning, saw me enter, and pointed his index finger towards the private office. I was scarcely seated when the genial banker left the parade of frock coats and tall head gear. He did not have to be reminded of the promised introduction. Recalling the arrangement, he touched a bell.

A messenger was ordered to request the cashier to appear. We were placed in charge of this official and found our way to an unfrequented portal of the world famed bank.

The uniformed guardians were passed one after another, till we arrived finally in a small room in which a ponderous register rested firmly on a tall desk. The trio inscribed names and addresses, after which the cashier left us to the care of a dignified attache. The Bank of England is an assemblage of the buildings and court yards. An area of eight acres

is occupied. Within this space are nine open courts which afford light to the various offices, there being no windows in the exterior of the building. We passed through a big rotunda, offices, committee rooms, and, hold your breath, as we did, the great directors' room, from which emanate the vast dividends which gladden the hearts of nearly the entire responsible population of London.

The printing of bank notes in colors, with one impression, consecutively numbered in two places, was an interesting sight within the precincts of the bank.

True we didn't like the style of the flimsey bank notes, which remind one of Japanese napkins, still there was a feature we admired from a sanitary viewpoint. Every note which returns to the bank is destroyed and another is issued in its stead, even if its circulating life was but for a day.

A device which held the Junior's attention was an automatic sorter of gold coins.

Thousands of sovereigns were dumped into a hopper while we were there and started in the direction of two chutes. When a light one reached a certain point, it took its own course to the discard; while the normal coins found their way to a haven from which they once more sought distribution.

Bidding adieu to the Old Lady, it seemed but an instant before we stood in front of the world famous Royal Exchange. It is a splen-

did building, the erection of which was commenced in the time of His Royal Highness Prince Albert, who laid the foundation stone in January, 1842. A feature of the Royal Exchange is Lloyd's subscription rooms. The name is derived from a coffee house kept by Edward Lloyd towards the close of the seventeenth century and frequented by men interested in shipping. Lloyd's is a corporation of underwriters organized in 1871, for the collection and distribution of maritime and shipping intelligence of every kind.

The Stock Exchange, in Capel Court, opposite the Bank of England, the headquarters of the stock brokers, has about 1,300 members. There are nearly 2,000 stock jobbers each of whom pays a large entrance fee and an annual subscription of thirty guineas. The jobber confines himself to some particular group of securities; the broker is the intermediary between the public and the jobber.

When I saw the bulls and bears in action, I concluded they were not half as rampant as our own in Wall or LaSalle Streets.

The heat of the day had been enervating; after luncheon siesta was a natural recourse.

Being the first to awake, I went down in the lift to the lounge floor, to peruse the newspaper files till the rest of the family should join me for the evening meal.

As I turned the pages, looking for something of absorbing interest, the lean gentleman

in the tall hat, to whom I had been introduced the evening before, entered.

"Delighted!" he exclaimed. "'Tis really a pleasure, don't you know, to meet you. I dropped in for a brandy and soda. Truly 'twould be chawming to have you join me."

While, of course, I was averse to drinking between meals, I could not, with good grace, refuse this friendly invitation.

"Bah Jove!" exclaimed my friend over the glasses, "don't you know, I heard such a ducedly clever story explained to me today. While it was interpreted at the expense of another British subject, still I saw the point when it was made evident after having percolated all America as a huge joke on us. Doubtless you've heard it; but the finish, don't you know is the real joke.

"At the Savage Club, today, dear boy, don't you know, we had an American guest, who in the way of entertainment told this story, which in a degree supports the allegation that we lack appreciation of the real point of a quip, don't you know?"

"What was the story?" I asked, to get somewhere near what he was driving at.

"Well, our guest, from your country told the story hesitatingly, with due apology; but also with emphasis; it was evident, however, he was all the time striving to avoid hurting our sensitive feelings.

"Now, this is it:

"There was a lawyer; his name was John Strange. Strange was on his death bed, prepared to pass over. His wife, by his bed side, gave him such consolation as was in her power.

"'John,' she said, 'is there any little thing I can do for you? Doctor says there's no hope. What would you have me do?'

"'Nothing, dear.'

"'Is there nothing; not even an inscription you'd have me place on your tombstone?'

"'Dear,' came the meek reply, 'nothing special; only when you write my epitaph, just say: "here lies an honest lawyer," nothing more.'"

"'But, John,' she urged, 'What will that mean to the passer by; how will he know who's lying there?'

"'Can't you understand?' said the invalid, 'when anyone reads the inscription, he'll say: '"Here lies an honest lawyer; that's Strange!"'

"They say that story was told in the Hoffman House of New York in the presence of an Englishman. Now, here's the version, it is charged, that came to us through the Briton who heard it.

"Our member appeared at the club on his return home from America. His tale was this, and I regret to say, don't you know, he laughed immoderately before he started:

"'There was a lawyer in America,' said he, 'whose name was John Strange. He was dy-

ing. The wife asked him if there was not a last request he'd like to make before passing over?'

"'Not the slightest,' he replied.

"'What would you have me put on your tombstone by way of epitaph, John?' asked the solicitous wife.

"'Nothing,' he responded, 'except, "Here lies an honest lawyer!"'

"'But, John,' suggested the wife, 'by that how'll they know whose buried there?'

"'Why,' said the expiring attorney, 'when they read: "Here lies an honest lawyer," they'll exclaim: 'how extraordinary!'"

As I laughed and intimated that the late Frank Lincoln, the monologuist, had told that story all over America with great gusto, away back in the '80's, my companion ejaculated: "Really now; pardon me, how stupid of us."

I assured him pardon was uncalled for; the story was a good one and ought to stand the test of time.

CHAPTER XIX

THE ABBEY—THAT BOSTON GIRL

Overnight we determined to direct our way to old Westminster Abbey—a temple of silence and recollection, where lie the bones or stand the cold dumb effigies of orators who once defied each other in Parliament.

To Englishmen this is the most sacred spot, hallowed by centuries of worship among monuments of the past where renowned rulers and their victims rest around the despoiled shrine of the meek Confessor.

No one can recall without a pleasant thrill Washington Irving's description of his sensations when he first beheld this old Abbey:

"The spaciousness and gloom of the vast edifice produce a profound and mysterious awe. It seems that the awful nature of the place presses down upon the soul, and hushes the beholder into noiseless reverence. We feel that we are surrounded by the congregated bones of the great men of past times, who have filled history with their deeds, and earth with their renown. Yet it almost provokes a smile at the vanity of human ambition, to see how they are crowded together and jostled in the dust; what parsimony is observed in doling out a scanty nook, a

gloomy corner, a little portion of earth, to those whom, when alive, kingdoms could not satisfy; and how many shapes and forms and artifices are devised to catch the casual notice of the passenger and save from forgetfulness, for a few short years, a name which once aspired to occupy ages of the world's thought and admiration.

"For in the silent grave no conversation,
No joyful tread of friends, no voice of lovers,
No careful father's counsel—nothing's heard,
For nothing is, but all oblivion,
Dust and endless darkness."

Who can visit the Abbey without some emotion prompted by its illustrious memories?

Of one young Australian, it is told that he would not allow himself to be roused to admiration for a structure so little up-to-date.

"My word," said he, "you should see the Scotch church at Ballarat."

Few visitors really have the chance of communing with the Abbey's shadowy inhabitants as did Chateaubriand, who, by accident, was locked up in the great cathedral for a night.

He shouted and beat upon the gates in vain and had to resign himself to sleep with the dead among whom nothing seemed to be alive, but the hammer of the clock striking the long hours. As from one world into another, there reached his ears the muffled roll of wheels and the cry of the watchman outside; and into the Abbey's solemn spaces stole the Thames fog

and London's smokey breath to deepen the gathering darkness.

He groped around for a resting place, selecting a cold sarcophagus, shrouded in marble and curtained by emblems of death, where, like Charles V., he had a sensation of rehearsing his own burial.

To himself he mused: "Bacon, Newton, Milton are as deeply buried, as much passed away forever as are their most obscure contemporaries. Myself, exiled, vagabond, poor, would I agree to be no more the forgotten and sorrowful nobody that I am, on condition of having been one of those dead men, once famous?"

In this chilly hall of funereal spectacles he could not help feeling his flesh creep for appalling imaginations; when at last a faint ray dawned out of one of the blackest corners, he fancied it an emanation from the spirits of the young York Princes, murdered by their uncle. This light proved not ghostly, merely a paper shielded candle in the hand of a girl coming at daybreak to take the place of her sick father as bell ringer.

She might well be frightened to encounter among the tombs of the Abbey a polite stranger wanting to be let out.

Before leaving the hotel we encountered Boniface who intimated he was going our way. We urged him to accompany us. On top of the 'bus he said the best summing up of the spirit and history of the Abbey that he had

ever read was by the American dramatic critic, William Winter.

It was the brilliant critic's idea that one cannot long endure and never can express, the sense of grandeur that is inspired by Westminster Abbey; but when at length its shrines and tombs and statues become familiar, when its chapels, aisles, arches and cloisters are grown companionable, and one can stroll and dream undisturbed "through rows of warriors and through walks of kings," there is no limit to the pensive memories they awaken and the poetic fancies they prompt. In this church are buried, amongst generations of their nobles and courtiers, fourteen monarchs of England —beginning with the Saxon Sebert and ending with George II. Fourteen queens rest here and many children of the royal blood who never came to the throne. Here confronted in a haughty rivalry of solemn pomp, rise the equal tombs of Elizabeth Tudor and Mary Stuart. Queen Eleanor's dust is here, and here, too, is the dust of the grim Queen Mary. At the tomb of Henry V may be seen the helmet, shield and saddle which were worn by the valiant young knight at Agincourt; and close by—on the tomb of Margaret Woodville, daughter of Edward IV—the sword and shield that were borne in royal state, before the great Edward III five hundred years ago. The princes whom Richard murdered in the Tower are commemorated here by an altar. Richard

II, deposed and assassinated, is here entombed; and within a few feet of him are the relics of his uncle, the powerful Duke of Gloucester, who treacherously he ensnared and betrayed to death. Here, also, huge, rough and grey, is the stone sarcophagus of Edward I, which, when opened years ago, disclosed the skeleton of departed majesty, still perfect, wearing robes of gold tissue and crimson velvet, and having a crown on his head and a sceptre in the hand. So sleep, in jewelled darkness and gaudy decay, what once were monarchs! All around are great lords, sainted prelates, famous statesmen, renowned soldiers and illustrious poets—names forever glorious, are here enshrined in the grandest sepulchre on earth.

Standing on the pavement, having descended from the 'bus, we were about to part with our friend, when I noticed a policeman at my elbow directing a small child to a place about which she had asked him. He was so painstaking I could not refrain from paying a compliment to the London constabulary.

The countenance of Boniface brightened as he replied:

"Strangers may criticize loudly our institutions, grumble against our climate, groan over our cookery, shrug their shoulders in front of our architecture, hiss at our drama, sniggle at our prudery, even jeer at our Lifeguardsmen; but all of them, like you, join chorus of admir-

ation for our police constables. Citizens of liberal empires and subjects of Republican bosses alike envy us the stolid figure that, without visible weapons, without official pride, without fuss, stands controlling a maelstrom of traffic, a living statue of British respect for law and order. The London police force makes a model to the world, copied, helmet and all, so far as Siam, and so near as Paris. No agent of oppression could enjoy credit at home, testified to by the very jests and nicknames fastened on him by the vulgar; 'Peeler,' almost extinct, and 'Bobby' are, from Sir Robert Peel, under whose ministry he came into being; while his later sobriquet 'copper' seems to be of a much older origin, perhaps akin to the German 'caper,' a pirate or catcher."

As we approached the great portal of the Abbey, we bade Boniface good-bye.

On our return to London from Ireland, there was awaiting our arrival a communication from the Editor of one of Chicago's dailies. Incidentally, he asked me to place a wreath on the resting place of Sir Henry Irving, who was honored in death by being assigned burial in the Abbey.

Suggesting that Madam and Junior investigate the historic cathedral for awhile, I started to acquire information on the proper procedure in securing permission to carry out the Editor's wishes.

Ah, the verger in the long flowing black cassock; he must be the authority I was seeking. Accosting him, as he moved slowly down one of the aisles, I soon submitted my proposition. He seemed impressed with the importance of the publication I represented, but shook his head as if in doubt how to answer.

Presently he said: "Sir, before granting your request I shall have to get the sanction of the Canon in residence, don't you know."

"Very well," I replied, "kindly ask the Canon; can I do anything to assist the cause?"

The lips of the verger split into a faint smile; the fingers of the left hand seemed instinctively to come in contact with what might be a palm suddenly irritated. As he turned in the direction of the door, leading to the Canon's residence, I slipped a crown piece into that nervous member of his. Without resistance or comment he disappeared.

"It's all right, sir; you may decorate Sir Henry's grave," he said when he came back.

Agreeing to return at two o'clock that afternoon with the floral tribute, I went out in search of a green house where I could have prepared a token worthy of the memory of the deceased histrion.

When the beautiful wreath was finished and tied with a long wide, flowing ribbon, it was placed in a large box which I ordered delivered to my new acquaintance, the verger of West-

minster Abbey. After luncheon, I entered the cathedral to find a very small boy, in heated argument with a black robed attache—a verger, but not mine.

A word from me relieved the situation; I explained the Canon's permission had been obtained; the true verger was named. He was sent for and soon appeared, smiling at the close call the boy had had to being incontinently sent away with his box.

In a little recess of the wall my own verger and I removed the heavy paper and yards of string from the package. When the cover was off we took out the floral emblem, which I balanced on two fingers of my right hand, lest it be spoiled by contact with any profane object, if such could be found anywhere in that edifice.

When the verger had deftly disposed of the wrappings, he beckoned me to follow him.

With all the dignity at my command, and with the wreath still resting lightly on my digits, my arm extended at full length in front of me, we walked together down the main aisle to a spot not far from the altar railing.

Sir Henry's place of final rest, in area, is not extensive. His cremated remains are covered with one fair sized slab, in the floor.

As we approached the spot, which the verger had pointed out to me in the morning, imagine my feelings of chagrin, when I beheld

there, at the place of interment, not less than twenty American sightseers, all intent on discussing in low tones the merits of the great departed actor.

In my modesty I could have sunk through the floor, had it but conveniently opened for me. How could I within the range of sanity turn and run away? Doubtless, I would have followed the prompting and have done so, but I knew the cathedral official would intervene and prevent so foolish a flight.

My psychic dice box took another shake; an unaccountable force sustained me. I realized I was the most conspicuous object in the whole place. Again how could I retreat, toying a wreath on my finger tips? I must go forth and meet the unlooked for assemblage.

Despite the crowd's inquisitive glances at our approaching figures, by this time my upper lip maintained a commendable rigidity; my stage fright was disappearing.

To land the wreath, bearing the card of my Chicago newspaper friend, on the tile, it was necessary for me to make a profound genuflection. The wreath and my right knee came in contact with the dull, cold marble floor, with a modified thud, in unison. Then the lookers on became busy. They bent over, grasping the card bearing the donor's name and address. One Chicagoan in the cluster recognized the publisher's well known cognomen at once; he lost no time in explaining who the editor was,

and what a close, confidential friend he had been to Sir Henry Irving when the great actor was alive.

Winding up his little speech, he said: "Why, that man is the greatest humanitarian we have in Chicago!"

The Boston girl, who had not in any way been obtrusive, now broke in and was up and at the Chicagoan in a moment.

"Oh, but truly, now, he isn't that; not really as bad as that, is he?"

"Why sure! he certainly has that reputation. What do you mean by 'bad as that?'"

"Well, it's an unfortunate revelation," rejoined the young lady from the Hub. "I understood he was a good, philanthropic, religious gentleman."

The Chicagoan and the rest of the group expressed amazement. What could this refined young woman be driving at? They were soon to find out.

"Don't you know what a humanitarian is?" she inquired modestly.

"Why of course I do."

"Well go look up your dictionary, read, and, henceforth be careful how you speak of good men, especially leading lights in Christian work, as 'humanitarian!'"

Nobody had a dictionary; the verger was appealed to.

"Have you a Webster's Unabridged within easy command?" asked the Boston girl.

"Within five minutes' reach; I am interested in this controversy; if you'll wait, I'll copy the definition verbatim for you and bring it here."

When the verger returned he exclaimed:

"There's but one definition for the word humanitarian in our edition, don't you know. My eye, really now I thought it meant philanthropist. Believe me, here 'tis, word for word without any omission:

" 'Humanitarian—one who denies the divinity of Christ.' "

All admitted it was a new one on them, and some secretly resolved to look out for breakers ahead in conversation with that beautiful bean-eating Bostonian.

CHAPTER XX.

A WHIRL IN GAY PAREE—HOME AGAIN

Tempus fugit! We had been abroad ten weeks and hadn't visited France, which, in our itinerary had been given a very large paragraph.

More packing of trunks and we were off to Southampton where a boat awaited us for La Havre. Arrival there seemed like dropping from earth to another planet.

What bustle and confusion the custom house people created as the passengers disembarked! Our experience at Quebec was a quaker meeting compared to this. The excited tones and gestures of the Frenchmen—and women too—who have a hand in baggage inspection for the government, gave the impression that everyone had a grouch and was uttering vehement expletives. Nothing of the kind. The people on the dock were just handing out a lingo to which as yet we were unaccustomed, but with which perforce we were to become more familiar.

"Donnez moi de l'or," or "de l'argent," we understood; we were prepared to have these demands made in earnest for the first time.

The interpreter on the dock was found to be the line of least resistance in overcoming the

zeal of the revenue inspectors, and as a time-saver was worth the investment.

A luncheon at the Frascati Hotel refreshed us. Our minds could not be averted from the renowned French capital; so we did not tarry.

To relate in detail experiences in gay Paree, with its smooth inhabitants, would require an exclusive volume, the writing of which must be deferred. The mixture of the Parisian tongue, as the natives thought it should be used, with ours, and we were sure we talked it fairly well, led to many amusing episodes.

One little incident prompted me to abandon the French tongue and confine myself to that which I was supposed to know better.

After leaving the hotel, as I strolled along the boulevard des Italiens, near rue Scribe, I noticed the portal of an upstairs tonsorial establishment. Stroking my chin, I was forced to realize its need of attention. I entered the spacious, well appointed shop; the chairs numbered at least a score. Beside each stood a tall barber clad in spotless white; every man wore a neatly trimmed Van Dyke beard. Indeed the atmosphere of the place was so ideally French that diplomacy warned me to conceal all I thought I possessed of their language. To my mind the sign code would be more effective.

Throwing myself into one of the modern adjustable seats, the first I had seen since leaving the comforts of home, I passed my digits

over my lower jaw, and meekly murmured, "la barbe."

"Oui, oui!" came right back from the attendant, as he tucked the napkin under my collar. When he began to apply the lather in the regulation way, without getting any of it in my ears, I felt safe and remained silent.

With his final dab of talcum, I awoke from a sweet reverie, to quote from the little phrase book which reposed peacefully in my vest pocket:

"Quel est le prix?"

"Oh," responded the dignified barber, in the best of English, "you can cut that short; just say, 'Combien?'"

As you know, I had said literally, "What is the price?"

He would have me use the idiomatic form, "How much?"

We both laughed on discovering we were in accord; he assured me he had spent years in England and America and had found his experience of great value to him in Paris.

In our sight seeing the Madelaine was the first religious edifice to impress itself upon us. In all our travels it stood unique. Like a Roman temple in style, it was erected on the foundation of another church, by Napoleon I, who intended it for a "temple of glory." A striking feature of the design is the absence of windows.

Having emerged from the throng attending the services, Madam expressed a desire to visit the world famous Latin Quarter; her wish could not be denied. This is the oldest section of the city, and has long since ceased to be the center of Parisian life.

We had acquired the habit of selecting the white hatted chauffeurs when seeking a taxi; why? I don't remember; but their rigs, perhaps, were more sightly than those of the black hatted gentry.

After traversing several squares along the boulevard one of our favorites was espied and hailed by me.

"Oui, oui, monsieur!" he responded.

"The Latin Quarter!" said I.

"Non comprenez-vous," quoth he.

"The Latin Quarter," I insisted in a little louder tone.

He looked stupefied and shook his head.

"The Latin Quarter!" I shouted, nearly at the top of my voice, and naturally felt he ought to understand that; he remained unmoved. Looking around for a friendly American face, I beheld over my head a sign which seemed inviting, because it reminded me of my own country:

"American Bar."

Losing no time I darted in, exclaiming to the white-aproned barkeep:

"Here's a cabby out here who can't understand my French. Is there any special expression in this town for Latin Quarter?"

"Sure," said the smiling purveyor of American cocktails, winking at his companion behind the bar; "just whisper in his ear, 'Quartier Latin,' with a rising inflection, as you proceed, and let the last syllable of the second word come easily through your nose and you'll have him."

Thanking my friendly informant for his French lesson, I again appeared on the walk; triumphantly I approached the curb at which the tall white hat still stood by the machine. "Kar-te-ay La-tan!" I sweetly murmured in the chauffeur's organ of hearing.

His under lip dropped; then he brightened; intelligence illumined his face, which quickly settled into a broad grin; again and again he said "Oui, oui!" before ushering us into the machine. Jumping to his seat, he gave vent to the "juice," and we were flying over the boulevards.

"Wouldn't you think anyone would understand 'Latin Quarter' without having the words transposed?" I said to Madam.

Before she could answer, Junior broke in:

"Well, Pop, there was more than getting the cart before the horse; the way you said it the last time, when you came out of that place, sounded very funny; how did you get it so quick?"

But as we whirred through beautiful Champs-Elysees, the man in front was evidently thinking hard in an effort to locate my nativity. He seemed somehow to believe I was not a Parisian; but could not quite hit upon my nationality. Finally curiosity overcame him. Turning around in his place, he addressed me tentatively with a smile:

"Sprechen Sie Deutsch?"

"Ya! Prosit! Gesundheit ist besser wie Krankheit," I replied with all the German I possessed.

"Sehr schon. Ich erkennte Sie als ein Berliner!" he exclaimed exultantly.

Oh, the flatterer; from my annunciation he knew I was from Berlin! Wouldn't that hold any body for awhile?

By this time Madam and the boy were nearly convulsed. Were it not for the aid of handkerchiefs for stiffling purposes, their sniggle would have been audible to him of the white plug-hat, in front.

The long anticipated view of famous Champs-Elysees was delightful and quite up to our expectations. In the strict signification, it includes only the small park adjoining the Place de Concorde; but the name has been extended to the whole of the handsome modern quarter farther to the Northwest. The beautiful avenue about a mile and a third long which intersects it and ascends to the mag-

nificent Arc de Triomphe, was constructed in 1670. The park and avenue are the most fashionable promenades in Paris.

At the hotel that evening the experiences of the day were recounted to the American group. All evinced interest and seemed to enjoy the talkfest.

There was Price, of Chicago, who was with us on the steamer coming over. He and his charming wife had just returned from Italy. They had a budget of real experiences; but resorted to it sparingly. One incident they revealed animated the whole party with laughter.

"We had a blow up in Italy," said Price, "that didn't emanate from Vesuvius, nor baking powder. The eruption was of the mirthful kind. To make a long story short, we drove up to the hotel in Naples, told the man at the wheel to entertain himself for awhile, and applied for accommodations. We were assigned a pleasant suite, and when our wraps were removed and we sat down for refreshments, I gave the order for our favorite wine, adding as a final injunction, don't forget to have it iced.

"The waiter nodded, as if he understood. Presently the tray came up bearing the bottle and hollow-stem glasses; but frappe was lacking.

" 'Ice,' I said to the waiter; 'where is the ice?'

"'Oh,' he replied in his own tongue; 'did you say ice?'

"With that he disappeared, soon to return bearing a big tray containing about ten pounds of the precious material, and laid it on the table with an additional check for its cost."

"What did you do with so much froezn water in one chunk?" asked the school teacher, who was doing Paris for the first time, and took herself and the French capital rather seriously.

"Why," replied Price, "the episode provoked so prolonged a laugh that you couldn't fill a cocktail muggler with what was left, on that hot day, when quiet was restored."

The attorney in the party was inspired to say that he remembered a humorous paragraph or two:

"May it please your honor," said a lawyer, "I brought the prisoner from jail on a habeas corpus."

"Well," said a man in an undertone, who was standing in the rear of the court room, "these lawyers will say anything. I saw that man get out of a taxi at the court door."

The journalist rung one in at this juncture:

"An English tourist," he said, "was seeing the sights in Ireland. The guide pointed out the Devil's Gap, the Devil's Peak, and the Devil's Leap to him.

"'Pat,' he said, 'the devil seems to have a great deal of property here.'

" 'He has, sorr,' replied the guide; 'but, sure, he's like all the landlords—he lives in England.' "

Many other bright, crisp stories were told before the party disbanded for the night.

Our time for sightseeing in the French capital was growing short. We visited the Bourse, a magnificent structure, surrounded like so many French buildings by Corinthian columns. It is an imitation of the Temple of Vespasian in the Forum of Rome. While admission is free, ladies are not allowed inside the hall where the jam and uproar is far from pleasant. The railed off space is the parquet, which sworn brokers, or agents de change, are alone privileged to enter. The hubbub was quite equal to any of our American Exchanges.

A final view of Paris was taken from Eiffel Tower. This monument evoked expressions of admiration from Junior when he was informed the stilt like skeleton could be seen from any point in Paris, or its environs. Nearly twice as high as the shaft which commemorates the father of our country in Washington, D. C., it is the loftiest structure in the world.

After a delightful sail on the Seine as far as St. Cloud, a visit to Napoleon's Tomb and trip to Versailles, and other points of interest, we turned towards London, as the initial step of our homeward journey. Many pleasant experiences were encountered en route; but time and space prevent specific mention of them.

A WHIRL IN GAY PAREE—HOME AGAIN

Once more in London we finished our sightseeing. The historic Tower of London, the scene of so many tragedies; the Art Galleries, including the National Gallery and the Wallace Collection; the British Museum, and the famous London docks were visited and enjoyed.

High noon on a bright day in October, found the family on a train speeding towards Tilbury Docks, where a big liner was waiting to take the now seasoned sailors on a ten days' cruise to the shores of a country for which in no degree had love been lost.

It was a pleasant sensation we experienced on awakening one clear morning, to learn we were plowing into New York harbor.

The venerable professor from Washington University, who proved an intelligent and delightful companion on the way over, was on deck before I was dressed.

As the inspiring statue of Liberty came into view, bathed in a flood of morning sunlight, the octogenarian surpassed everybody in his fervent expressions of patriotism. In his enthusiasm, he pulled off his overcoat and waved it frantically at the emblem of freedom. The others were content to flourish diminutive handkerchiefs, or caps, in the direction of the shore.

"Rah, Rah! for Columbia the gem of the ocean!" shouted the professor in ecstacy, and all joined in a rousing cheer.

While the sentiment was not absolutely new, it was the concensus of thought among the passengers, before the custom officials commanded their attention, that travel where he may, the citizen of the United States, having seen the other man's country, and noted the manner of his life, inevitably returns to his own shore a better American.

END.

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